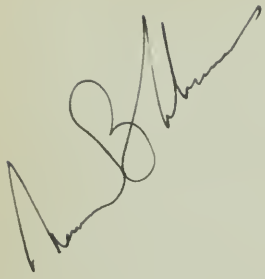
Yeshiva

MASMID

1951



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MASMID

20th Anniversary Issue

Go forth, ye leaves of dedication, fall
Upon the ears of all thy readers like
The falling red and multicolored leaves
Of fall upon the fields and pathways near
And far. Shine forth, o leaves! though black and white
Your colors seem, your shades and hues surpass
By far thy brightly tinted counterparts
In Nature's store, for many are the hues
And colors that thy pages represent.
For ye, o leaves, are dedicated to
The variegated multitude of men
Whose fortune was to spend their younger years
Within Yeshiva's consecrated halls
Of learning, keeping always brightly lit
The sacred lamps of knowledge, lest they be
Extinguished: men who in their later years
Looked back upon Yeshiva's lofty spires
To draw fresh hope and new found strength, as leaves
Of trees gain nourishment from roots
Imbedded in the warm and fertile earth.
To these, the graduates of our dear school,
The varied, multicolored group, wherein
Each one his own gradation added to
Life's everchanging spectrum bright—to these
Eternal Masmidim we dedicate
Thee, Masmid. Shine, o leaves! for ye, we trust,
Will shine when autumn's leaves have turned to dust!

Ira Albeck

1932
1951
B Sohn

DR. SAMUEL BELKIN

Dear Graduates:

At Yeshiva University, you have received a three-fold education. First of all, Judaism which endeavors to define the higher purpose and spiritual values of our own lives and daily experiences; of moral discipline and the divine way of life. Second, the natural sciences which are primarily concerned with the world in which we have been placed; in the hidden secrets of the universe which are constantly being discovered and re-discovered, by the human intellect. The understanding of the physical universe in which we live and move is a part of the educated man's equipment. Third, the social sciences and humanities which seek to convey to us a better understanding of our complex society, of which we are individual members, and a deeper appreciation of the laws and customs which bind together the community of men. A better appreciation of the problems and issues which confront our contemporary civilization.

The endless search after G-d's knowledge which helps us to orientate ourselves in the uncharted land of the spirit; the continuous desire to become better acquainted with the discoveries of the universe, and the search for a deeper understanding of the people around us creates within us a harmonious perfection which may be characterized as the integration of knowledge.

I have abiding faith that you will govern your lives by the standards of the Torah and by our American way of life, and that you will consider your education as a means to a greater end—towards the emphasis of man's humanity in place of man's animality; that you will consider your education as a means to a greater end—towards consecrated service to G-d and our fellowmen.

I congratulate you, and wish you well-being and well-doing.

SAMUEL BELKIN
President

DR. MOSES L. ISAACS

Dear Graduates:

The Masmid this year will mirror some interesting statistics regarding Yeshiva College. First, there is a milestone of this graduation being the twentieth in the history of the college. Secondly, the graduating class will be, by far, the largest in our history, approximately eighty in number, bringing the total number close to one thousand. We are all proud of these achievements.

The members of the class of 1951 are embarking on their careers at a time of great stress and forebodings and years of strain. May each and every individual, however, look upon this situation as a challenge to be met and conquered rather than as a cause for despair. The faculty at Yeshiva College in its teaching of the Humanities and Science, not to mention the religious atmosphere of the institution, has endeavored to prepare the graduates with the proper background, perspective and knowledge needed for days ahead. Good courage to the class of 1951.

Moses L. Isaacs
Dean

Division of Languages and Literature

Seated l to r: Professor R. Rosenberg, Mr. S. Lainoff, Dr. H. Robinson, Professor B. Floch, Chairman; Mr. A. Imerti, Professor I. Linn. *Standing l to r:* Professors K. Adler, M. Chernowitz, Mr. M. Halberstadt, K. Damon, D. Fleischer, Mr. Vogel, Professor L. Sas. *Not present when picture was taken:* Professor S. Braun, Dr. W. Nallin, Mr. H. Redisch, Professor A. Tauber, Mr. M. Weintraub.

Division of Social Sciences

Seated l to r: Mr. N. Goldberg, Professor A. Margalith, Chairman; Mr. H. Adler. *Standing l to r:* Professor I. Young, Mr. M. Terkel, Mr. M. Silverman. *Not present when picture was taken:* Professors A. Brody, A. Delatour, Rabbi W. Drazin, Professors N. Glatzer, A. Hurwitz, L. Jung, P. Kraus, A. Litman, J. Lookstein, E. Rackman, N. Savitsky, Mr. S. Pleskin.

Division of Jewish Studies

Seated l to r: Rabbis S. Wind, Asher Siev, Professor S. Hoenig, *Chairman;* Rabbi M. Katz, Professor G. Churgin. *Standing l to r:* Rabbis J. Singer, D. Mirsky, M. Bernstein. *Not present when picture was taken:* Mr. M. Arfa, Professors P. Churgin, H. Grinstein, Dean S. Sar.

Division of Natural Sciences

Seated l to r: Professor B. Kisch, Dean M. Isaacs, Professor J. Ginsburg, Chairman; Professors A. Lowan, E. Levine. *Standing l to r:* Mr. H. Seligson, Professors A. Freed, H. Lisman, Mr. T. Kellner, Professor M. Atlas, Mr. P. Posen, Mr. D. Block. *Not present when picture was taken:* Professor S. Saphire.

Personnel of Masmid

Editor-in-Chief ..... Joshua Hertzberg

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Freshmen

Seated l to r: A. Heisler, M. Chervin, O. Goodman, I. Bierman, M. Dubrinsky, J. Mann, B. Sohn. *Second Row l to r:* A. Bramson, J. Taragin, A. Reichman, D. Rechtschaffen, H. Mordukowitz, L. Rudolph, A. Thee. *Third Row l to r:* H. Richtman, S. April, R. Rosenak, M. Kula, M. Halstein, J. Heller.

Sophomores

Seated l to r: M. Korn, J. Schechter, J. Kreitman, E. Steiman, D. Mond, B. Goldzweig, S. Feder, H. Shapiro, A. Shapiro. *Second Row l to r:* G. Dershowitz, A. Schiff, M. Gordon, M. Danishevsky, D. Hadas, R. Rozen, M. Tokayer, S. Speira. *Third Row l to r:* D. Rogoff, B. Pshoter, I. Bonchek, S. Bienenstock, H. Miller, L. Burack, A. Hyman.

Juniors

Seated l to r: S. Seigel, S. Jaffe, H. Eichelberg, R. Rozen, S. Katz, G. Marcus, N. Katz.
Standing l to r: B. Horowitz, R. Starishevsky, M. Stadmauer, D. Mogilner, W. Wealcatch, S. Bahn.

'47 CLASS HISTORY '51

"A fool's brain digests philosophy into folly, science into superstition, and art into pedantry. Hence university education . . ."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

PROLOGUE

With the solemn advice of upper classmen ringing in our ears. "Take certain teachers, Braun, Lowan, Levine, etc., avoid these . . .," we embarked on a cruise up the creek of intellect. We were initiated into the quiet, sublime halls of Yeshiva at approximately twenty-five months B.A. (Before the Advent of Avrum). In those days of antiquity there were many prophets who preached the greatness of the potentialities of Yeshiva College. It was thus that Yeshiva became known as a "big college" where bursar receipts and absence notes were the means and ends of Yeshiva education. After the advent of Avrum the institution was to be known as "big, strict college" where the concept of "We're college men. We are trustworthy during examinations" was prevalent. After the prophets and the miraculous entry of Avrum there appeared the Amosonian Magna, the coming of which was inevitable in a big strict college. Coincidentally, Britain devalued the pound. These events were the natural sequence after Abrams became Abraham and Isaac became Dean. It is during the four year reign of our blessed class that the famous historian Josephus Al Enbergi wrote the best seller "St. Ipend, the Influence and the Works." The later historian Herman B. Groanstone attempted a revision with the accent on Works. These were the years of dramatic political events—the Kellerian Revolution, the Kurtzmanian Counter-revolution, the Administration Revelation, the Student Revulsion. These are the stage settings—here is the background: and now—ring up the curtain.

Folly

Mr. Mandelbaum is still a "good boy." He teaches and studies Hebrew and English—it looks like he's here to stay. "If I have to stamp my foot on the floor the very next time—it'll be your fault." Babe Lobel doesn't take off his five-inch brim hat. "Who closed the lights?" Mandelbaum rips off Yarmilke—half for student and half for teacher. "Ah, they cleaned the windows." Lamm asks questions, Mandelbaum draws diagrams, Lieberman is stunned. "It's absolutely tangential, peripheral and esoteric to the conversation." (Will we be able to talk like that when we graduate?—Gee, we hope not.) Dave Rosenhan schedules double date with "Allen." (Gosh, he acts like a senior.) How do you spell college education? CHUTZPA.

Krakower, Eisenbach, Mond act in freshman play "Submerged."—Drama about freshman social status—no doubt. School becomes dramatic conscious. Gershon Stern and Zimmerman declared subversive. Zimmerman gets a tuition-free course in English through the generosity of dean (editor's slip—supposed to be Dean). Class night becomes lass night and then gets the el knocked out of it the next year . . . Keller resigns—but to no avail, he's not president yet.

Damon-Ryan fun till end of term . . . "What mark would you like? Ha! Ha! D!" What Litman calls comedy-tragedy hyphenated. Orenstejn's right hand resembles a mechanical toy. Fredman's gesticulations are a minute later than his words. Damon and Lamm hum up and down the scales—no talent scouts present. Fredman, Davidman and Dryspiel align themselves with the Yeshiva Hopsters. Every freshman class for the past five years boasts of contributing Artie Stein to team. Aaron Mann remains undiscovered talent. Ruby Davidman has a bu-bu. Dryspiel does his famous imitation of Abrams. Entering students who hear Abrams for first time accuse him of poorly imitating Dryspiel. At Frosh-Senior Smoker we are initiated into the sport of vault-ing and safe-guarding against bacteriological professors. Dr. Freed teaches

us how to imprison syphilisation by the new "Zipper Technique." Don-Dare is hero of hygienic lectures. Some of us go swimming in pool, others in sweat on the basketball court. Travelling to 23th Street becomes ordeal—students lose gym—get raw deal. The first good advice we get in First Aid is to call someone who knows first aid. This remains our motto till the end of the term. This was Arty-Fishel perspiration compared to the natural sweat we got up in Moish Kranzler's course in the Junior year.

There are some who take Latin and Greek with Floch. A useful language down under and we don't mean Australia. Other colleges offer Chinese—to be able to read laundry tickets—but not Yeshiva. We learn Latin which is perfectly Greek to us, so that if we wish to travel to Latin-America where they speak Spanish we should at least know Latin. Ismar Lifshitz agrees that Latin and Greek are not dead languages—with whom is he agreeing? Not with anyone I know—chas v'chalilah. Dr. Floch is considered most desirable professor on faculty. Monsieur le professeur Braun initiates college "men" into his kindergarten . . . Orenstejn becomes teacher's right hand tongue (this is probably a misprint). Rashbaum shakes his head and promises to take French for the rest of his life. Fiszman and Ish Cohen actually know the stuff. Braun demands we buy book . . . we'll never want to get rid of it. Second-hand books are bought from the Yeshiva book store. Je ne comprends pas. Fud Lieberman's "Moici Boucoo." Braun demands that we study. Toutle Mond had French in T.V. Braun demands we suck French lollypops. We demand Braun stop demanding. Lamm gets a B plus, plus.

Freshmen learn early that Dr. Linn chooses his words. Freshman—choose—word. Nation-alists get A-rating. Ruby Gross runs after presidency and gets in. Phil Goldman is vice. Gerry Krakower takes the Devine chem course and gets high-Jaked. Eli still can't balance an equation. "The experiment usually works." There's the dean (editor's slip—Dean) where's Levine. Gus Solomon, Harry Weinstein, Elliot Eisenbach and Pete Lewinsohn take physics with Welber. All this is done tongue in cheek as Benny explains the difference between mass and weight by saying sweetly "if the answer is too small I multiply by 980—if it's too big I divide by 980. The difference between A and B is attained through the same reasoning." The tongue is always in the cheek. Benny leaves in February and Dr. Lisman, a card shark, takes over. A certain stop watch and breakage fees were never heard of again. Scheinfeld and Twersky like Dr. Brody, to be sure. No one knows what the prof means when he says "readings." Twersky and Scheinfeld produce tongue twisters in their competition for the love o'Brody. Rosenhan sits in the back of the class and studies the prof's physiognomy. He doesn't double date Alexander however. Dr. Brody likes Scheinfeld and Twersky. (Editor's note—substitute Margalith for Brody to produce same effect.)

A two thousand year old dream is fulfilled as Israel becomes a nation. Leon Levy goes over to protect her against her enemies. School given whole day off a posteriori after unanimous a priori decision not to come. Dr. Litman is not yet in Vogue. Some T.I. students take freshman English with Fleisher as the class receives hints of delights that our soph year has in store for us. Rosenberg has an ear for German songs. Terkel has a nose for news. Braun demands. Solomon, Ginsburg, Lieberman, Hertzberg take Math—Why, was it missing? Yukie receives Bury Ginsburg's love letters . . . There's the dean (Ed.'s slip—supposed to be Dean) where's Levine? Rashbaum, Hertzberg, Lamm, Solomon and Botwinick take two F.A. courses—Fine Arts and First Aid. Phil Rabinowitz tells Cherubino Nallin about the Detroit Philharmonic and is only one to buy book. He gets his A. So does Conductor Kenner who changes records on victrola. Ruby Heisler works on Doc. Ruby Heisler works for Doc.

Miller, another one of the many English teachers around, gives two Freshman courses. Daffinition—an English teacher is a transient, ephemeral being, in the hair today and gone tomorrow. "Bygones will be bygones," quothe the Dean. "Bye, begone!" In a recent sociological survey among English teachers, which was held along the bread-line, it was found, they say, that many of them have pinkish—nay—

chartreusic-tendencies. Mr. Miller is invited to Red Lipshitz home for Passover seudah. Mr. Miller and his daughter are left in the Red. They're not left there very long. The purge is on!

Botnick embraces Bimology. Bim the shamas has found himself at last a sexton. Braun commands—"Irregular Verbs"—verbs cannot commend irregular Braun. Debby Weisenthal, our Registrar in our period of travail, ends her stay as we end our Freshman year. It'll now be Mr. Silverman whom we'll have to speak to before we go to the Dean to have our request for a change in program refused. It hasn't been so bad—there's one consolation anyway. "As bad as things are—it's hard to find worse."

Superstition

All of us now take Fleisher. Imagine, 30—yes 30—students to whom to tell last year's jokes. Do you hear Dr. Litman? Dave Rosenhan becomes leader of London and follower of Fleisher. Bim comes to class late (one month to be exact) suitcases in hand . . . just arrived from California. Fleisher becomes professor of understatement. "Sophistry is not my department—you might try the Sciences." "So there you are—Yeshiva boys first remove the locket." Al Solomon now enters the fleisherian troupe. The purge begins—Miller is given "red herring" treatment, Mandelbaum is de-Joyced towards the end of school year. He is given green light to leave if he WISHES. Dean WISHES. Mandelbaum does WISH. Mandelbaum opgeWISHt. Lauer, Glaser and N. Lamm get inside story. Glaser and Lamm graduate, Lauer purged.

Berts (Rogoway and Mond) take office. The class meetings are a nul class. Red Finkelstein happens to Yeshiva (Lo Aleichem!). Jack Adler and Chile Wenger also link their fate with ours . . . Russian Roullette is more merciful. Bim predicts the coming of the Moors. Shoham and Shulman become Levine's faithful disciples. The time now is twelve months B.A. Moish Lamm's tongue is now purple. "Hydrogen sulfide hes en odor. Now become familiar with the smell . . . I'll be right back." Wolf, Krumbein, Finkelstein and Lamm tackle the final. Net result—a school of poor fish. Rabinowitz, Kallner and Rudoff compete for honors (or rather dishonors). (Ed. note—no subtlety necessary; they were only lab assistants.) Incompletes reign . . . students cuss like hail . . . s'no use. There's the dean (Ed. note—Dean) where's Levine.

Uncle Izzy takes full control of guidance for the perplexed. Yeshiva students become perplexed. Uncle Izzy ties Mr. Baer for popularity honors. Uncle Izz honors Yeshiva with ties . . . exercises Papal authority . . . a cardinal knot. Yeshiva becomes "minyan mad." Threatens delayed purge. All violators of attendance face three man squad . . . questions by young Hurwitz are bare and to the point. "It's not my fault . . . the President gave us orders." "But Mr. (Professor) Young, I had a weak fingernail." "Our Dear President has said that all brothers with weak fingernails should be discharged from the beautiful halls of our GRACEd dormitory and even though you do not attend minyan daily it is assumed that you at least put on a tie every day."

Dr. Braun still demands. French Lit., however. proves to be most educational course. "Que s'appelez vous, Monsieur Spear?" Nineteen years old. Spear undertakes poll of Bais Yaakov poles . . . participates in debate "Is Bais Yaakov here to stay or is it L'Chu V'Nailcho?" Beelus takes affirmative side and has upper hand. (Ed. note—This is a joke. There is a sentence in one of the holy books "Bais Yaakov l'chu v'nailcho." Do you get it? Our Literary Editors insist on showing off their wonderful erudition . . . ah, education, it's just—just—just—useless.)

Aaron Krauss Krucified by Rabbi Gorelick, professor of Talmud. Hymie Krantz discovers Mr. Abrams and explores. Steady Arthur Schnier's dorm room is a haven for hair brushes and the Cohen brothers. The school again becomes dramatic conscious. If not for dramatics, students would remain unconscious throughout entire year. Sam Glaser becomes immoral and founds Sam Glaser Mortal Society. This

is in competition with International Retaliations Society which is in competition with the Irrational Aberrations Society. which isn't funny. Student Council does not define the most crucial word in Yeshiva history—"guests." Students bring "guests," . . . resort to individual interpretation rather than Lipshitzian Revelation. Henry Keller resigns but to no avail; he's not president yet.

Bim, Hy Levine, Lamm, Feldblum and Frank take Dr. Kisch's philosophy course. (This is probably the third year but as we've already started the sentence you'll have to bear the anachronism.) "Weltaanschaaung iss ven vee look from one viewpoint out—zo, zere itt iss . . ." Damon and Ryan become discolored as the boys accept a "Reddisch" tinge. If members of parliament could only sit in on Speech 4, they would learn some procedure. The class is divided into two factions—right and left, or up and down. or back and front, or upper and lower, or any such political denominations. The Constitution Blockers consisted of Lamm, Rackovsky, Haber, Hertzberg, Lamm, Rashbaum, Bim, Lamm, Cohen, Lamm and Stadtmauer. (You know, the beauty of this history is that you can't tell who wrote it). The Constitution Deformers consisted of Gus Solomon, Bill Solomon, A. Fredman, Jack Adler, G. Solomon, Natie Gordon, Gil Shoham, G. Solomon, S. Orenstejn, S. Aronson, G. Solomon, and S. Alpert. (You know, the beauty of this history is that you can't tell who wrote it.) Wiszhy Wishnitzer is most efficient and Orenstejn greatest secretary. Krakower filibusters all day. Reddisch learns to smile . . . he has to—Bim!

The Moors, mmmmallted. izznat so, hellauh . . . our vocabulary is growing but the main cliches are yet to come. Wacholder learns the art of circumlocution and pontification. M'Davidman v'ad Twersky lo kom ke'Wacholder. (Another salient example of someone's erudition.) Commie builds up Shtudt Stadtmauer. (Shtudt is not a Sephardic pronounciation of another word.) Lutz is BASIC (watch this word).

Barry Ginsburg hails from the town that contributed Phil Goldman and his brother-in-law to Yeshiva. (This seemingly innocent bit of irrelevance is due to Bury's bringing in a $25 ad.) For those who are interested, the town still stands—we can't condemn a whole community simply because . . .

Yeshiva's Busting Out All Over.

Ginky Churgin thrives as we who are in the Yeshiva division flock to him. Rashbaum, Hertzberg. and Shoham represent Baltimoron cheenuch—Lamm represents Williamsburg . . . and Krasna twins alternately represent each other in coming to class. Ginky evens the score at end of term and tells them to share A. "Please hand in your compositions on 'Matzav Hayahadut B'America.' It's getting late." It's later than you think.

All supersubgartelian krechtzers do not take Litman until their last year. What is medieval about medieval philosophy? Smokey-Stover (hyphenated) presented with over-sized cigar by Logic class. (This happened in last year. I don't know why we're writing about it here.) The new buildings already look old. From an airplane view, the new buildings are shaped as if Yeshiva were Fordham. The resemblance ceases there. Dr. Linn still hasn't uh, uh, found, uh, the right uh uh uh word, is it? Yes, the uh right word, that's it. Ben-Zion is pontificating uh uh uh again. Well raise my eyebrows, Aaron Sittner! Linn again relates to class the oft-told tale of purchase of his yarmilke. We summon remembrance from things past when, at Augenstein's wedding, a chassid, admiring the yarmilke, inquired of the professor philologist if "he had a shteleh." Tristan Rosenberg, our zinging Cherman professor, gains backing from ze growing Verein. Pazz ze beer, mother, I have a final tomorrow. French professor still demands. Spanish Department under Sas grows daily. Eisenbach who was taking Chemistry to fulfill his Physics requirement drops Lowan and majors in Levine. A Physics professor cannot be wrong, ethically so . . . The Dean of Men is seen with a wistful look—he won't have most of us till senior year. There's the dean (Ed.'s slip—supposed to be Dean) where's Levine? Hey, it rhymes. That won't be mentioned again—don't worry. The English Lit final turns out to be a near catastrophe. Quite unexpectedly, the students with insight did not make out so well.

The halfway mark is here and we're still in the driver's seat. A Coiletch Hedge-

cation has left us slightly groggy but it hasn't infected us with anything incurable as yet.

Pedantry

—Mama, how come they didn't come back? Where's Elliot Eisenbach, what happened to Peter Lewinsohn, Lippy Weiss, Ike Azose, etc.? I didn't see them this year. Did they . . . ?

—Hush, hush, they went away on a long trip and they won't be back. You see they were Chemistry majors . . .

—Oh . . .

—And you understand, one wanted to go to Med School, others went back home, and one hitched off to Syracuse.

—Does that mean that I can go too?

—No, you're staying here and finishing. Now run along and major in something like a good little Junior.

—Is it necessary to major? Can't one broaden himself? Does one have to restrict himself to one phase of knowledge, one line of thought, one dimension of wisdom? (Literary, huh?)

—No, you can always leave college . . .

Oh, have you heard? it's quite the thing to be a Physics major in college. Nine out of every ten Hunter High School seniors prefer fellows who can integrate. Izzatso? Gus Solomon, Bert Mond, Chile Wenger, Leon Levy, Phil Katsman, Harry Weinstein, Paul Teicher and Fud Lieberman all storm the Physics front, as Dr. Arnold N. Lowan becomes a full-time full professor, head of the new full Physics Dep't. Three full year courses are given. Ah, what fulls these mortals be! Wwwwell! Anyone who doesn't know what e to the x is just doesn't deserve to live. If one is sufficiently mature, one just knows! You may have written exactly what the book has word for word BUTT I can read between the lines. The intoxicating Hydrogen Sulfide fumes lured four unsuspecting juniors, who joined Gerry Krakower, Wishy Wishnitzer and Wolf Helmreich in the Chem lab. Gil Shoham, Dave Rosenhan, Moish Kranzler, and our editor Hertzberg threw reason to the winds and for some obscure reason or other (Med School or lust for life) chose work. Josh gives up Math, English and the Ghost and is heard from no longer until he— Well . . .

The retreat, or shall we say the organized withdrawal of Editor-in-Chief Sol Blumenfeld and Associate Editor Lou Lauer from the college caused some changes in the Commie staff. Moish Stadtmauer becomes Ed.-in-Chief with Rakowitz and Leon Levy (back from Israel) as News Editors. Hilty Dryspiel in at the Sports line. Henry Keller is President of the Student Council this year. Now, perhaps, his resignation will accomplish something. Bob Kurtzman Veeps and Arky Landes in as Sec'y (Nu, so you're mentioned. Big Deal!).

Dr. Luchins, who took a leave of absence, was replaced by Isaak Orleans. "In this course you must analyze every event carefully. That's Psychology! If I do something there's obviously a reason. Now, why do you think I gave you this exam right now? What is the underlying factor?" "Ah, you hate your father, Bim, Bim!" Brother Smiley, Director of Guidance at Yeshiva (where else—Young Israel?—Yeah, there too, he's a big man) was appointed to instruct the newly instituted Freshman Orientation. The lab assistant to his course was often seen in the Dorm late at night serenading everyone with exquisite verbiage and scintillating phraseology. "Your majesty, may I interest you in this exquisite tie, this voluptuous yarmilke, this lascivious arba kanfos?" Danny Vogel is the new instructor in English replacing Mandelbaum, who as you recall replaced Miller, who as you may remember replaced . . . What will happen? Who will replace whom and when? Lloyds of London refuses to insure his stay due to the prevailing high mortality rate.

YU, according to the Juniors, has a tremendous Agriculture School. The Messers Twersky, Weitz, Wohl—all stalwarts of the Landsmenschaft (IRS)—cultivated the fields of Political Science which in turn fertilized their patterns of thought.

Speaking of History of Education—that course was *BASIC* . . . The Class Menagerie, under the whip of Meyer Terkel, a Dewey man himself, contained all sorts of ——. There were the realistic Science majors who needed the TI diplomas and would stop at nothing to get them—not even Ed 11 or 12. This group—Gus Solomon, Phil Silverstein, Shimmy Hellerstein—did stop at nothing. Then the Hegelian Sophists, i.e. Nadelman, Fleischman, Twersky, Wohl and Weitz, whose concepts of society are all embracing, pragmatically reasoned—two credits is two credits. And last but not lost—the essentialist, classicist, reactionary school consisting of Red Finkelstein and Moish Lamm who were determined that they'd go out knowing at least as much as they knew coming in. The point I want to make is—Orientation. One word for this movement?—Pragmatism. That's it. One word for the Realistic approach?—Science.—Yep. One word for Hutchins and his colleagues?—One word for this course? —What is one word for this course, Red? Basic, roared the wrong answer.—This course can't be given in one word. It's a three word course—History of Education.

Oh yes, Dave Mogilner enters the school . . . gives up engineering and tries organic chemistry along with Jack Adler who admires English . . . And the Lord said, "Let there be light." The Dorm Committee agrees but only till one A.M. "The poor students must sleep." said Smiley as he sweetly tucked Mr. Baer into bed . . . Hilty Dryspiel urges the students to become better fans and pleads for more intermural intermurals. Aaron Mann outlives athletics. Yeshiva gets a fencing team and a good one. "What epee-phenomenalism!" That's Shimmy Hellerstein's . . . well I don't want it! A certain junior writes certain senior write-ups for Commie. Seniors aren't pleased. So what?—What time is it. I can't sleep.—Hold it . . . it's 3:30 O.K. I'm going to sleep . . . I can't read this page any more, anyhow—Turn off the lights. —I think they've been off since one.—Oh. I knew they forgot to tuck me in.

Hilty Dryspiel writes an impassioned plea for inter-class intermurals and berates our class for lack of spirit. Whatever happened to Purvis's dog? Oh—Victor Balowitz! The senior writeups are being written by that same person and we wish he'd be more genteel . . . cut it out or we'll tell! Groans are being heard from the full Physics department. Harry Rashbaum, Steve Jaffe and others are getting a Broady education. Godwin Fleischer is pleased with his new batch of English majors—Al Solomon, Ruby Gross—they speak it. Bill Solomon is a sociology major whose background is obtained from acting in every college and TI play. Red Finkelstein and Al Solomon collaborate with Wordsworth and ode the siyum of one of Wordsworth's pomes.

"He ventured, 'May I, too partake of life's effervescence?' We gave him a glass of soda."

Hilty writes a stirring piece in which he casts his lot proudly along with Stein. 1500 words of Stein, Stein, Stein, Stein ". . . who carried on alone, sick, dejected, weary, a picture of sheer will power, struggling fiercely and successfully until forced to the sidelines by overpowering fatigue"——and Nathan Hale went down into history! It's probably anti-Semitism!!!

The sudden passing of our beloved Dr. Klotz, Professor of Bible, on Thursday, December 22, 1949 shocked the Junior class greatly. Those who had the genuine good fortune to be his pupils mourned the loss of a friend and a teacher. A specimen of humanity that will remain as a symbol of Prophetic Judaism in our hearts forever . . .

January 7, 1950 witnessed a mixed "Music for YU"—remember that date well! What a term!! Here come the finals. TI in the morning and college in the afternoon. But don't worry . . . you'll live . . . there's always the GEM. "I think I'll give the whole class in Mechanics incompletes. You really should have a notebook of problems. I should have told you in advance but . . . well, you should have read my mind . . ." Oh yes, Jack Adler and Dave Mogilner—late of organic—decided to forego the rest of the Chem Dept. and forewent it. Josh is still in Chem and Barry still taking Physics and . . . oh yes, Azriel Rosenfeld and Boris Rackovsky (Satisfied?). During final week the FIVE—Lane, Empress, Gem, Heights and RKO—report an increase in attendance . . . quite mystifying.

The Spring semester brought nothing new except ten juniors swearing they would drop a certain teacher in September. Education 11 now becomes 12—History of Ed is now Philo of Ed. We also know the one about the eye of a needle. Philo 11 becomes 12. Sophistry n becomes Sophistry n+1 with n approaching infinity. Bushido University publishes an Orientator which announces that Bushido has received the Holy Law. Students left out in Code . . . demonstrate violent approval. One of the provisions of the Holy Law is that students are to be treated like mature. responsible individuals until they begin to act as such, at which time they will be treated like the dirt they are. Student Council votes to sponsor an open class night with outside guests attending. Bob Kurtzman is now president with you-know-who finally getting his chance to resign. Students vote for class night in referendum as 100 Rabbis get smicha. Class night, Henry Keller and the Hundred Rabbis are never heard of again . . . Our class achieves doubtful fame as Hilty, in a doleful dirge, pens, "Indifferent Juniors make tragic travesty of current intermurals . . ." He's right Juniors—wake up—get in there and fight—Please?

Esther Adler (Basic) lectures before the Math Club on Goedal's System of Ax'oms Sigma—nu, and vat else is new by you? The Krasna Twins get their senior writeups. Look here Red, cut out those digs and slurs or . . . there I've told! TI inaugurates Hebrew debates with Sue Shiff representing Herzliah. As Pinky Churgin said when he heard of it, "This will be the very last word in Hebrew debating."—It was!!! Gee, Litman hasn't been mentioned once this year. The Commie celebrates fifteen years of rabble-rousing. More power to them!

Fud Lieberman takes the French Scientific Exam. He claims that French should first pass the strict Lieberman scientific test. No one, but no one. agrees with him . . . Student Council abstains from the Dean's Deception and in this case an abstention amounts to a veto . . . Oh, here they go again. The IRS misrepresents Uruguay (our former ally) at the Model UN. Twersky, Rakowitz, Weitz and Natie Gordon (all of whom should have known better) are on the Committee for Human Rights —such lack of experience!!

Rumor has it that a Basic Society is being formed. At the word's mention heads nod, mouths emit uh! and index fingers rap three times. The word is used everywhere . . . yes, even there. Speaking of there, Seymour Aronson. There is the Chem lab. Ha, ha. Can it be that the Josh-Chem romance is dissolving? As we intimated earlier—they had been united too late. Rubie Gross wants to know if the leaf in "Paradise Lost" stands too. Our sports scribe mourns the passing of the Mite Basketball season. He ends the memorable hoop campaign with a discussion of the merits of Artie Stein. Say, who is this Stein, anyhow?

Litman lectures on Freud and Aristotle at a Fireside Chat—there he's back! Yeshiva announces a raise in tuition . . . $15 per credit. We are now as expensive as Columbia. Who says we're not expanding? Somewhere along the line they open the new dorm. Even the lights are opened. Time marches on. The term is coming to an end . . . Elections are held and Arky Landes, running unopposed, is swept into office. Some would rather be right—others would rather graduate. Artie Schnier becomes Vice. Leon Levy becomes Editor of Commie for our SINior year. "Will he survive the summer?" is the popular question. Hilty Dryspiel signs off with the note that the summer will not thrill him. His is a dear old YU Edifice Complex.

—Of course, now that the finals are coming up you'll no doubt want to impress me. The final, announces Dr. Lowan, will be on the whole term's work in English and in good handwriting plus the two problem books that you owe me. "Hand your term papers in this week"—announces every prof of Social Sciences . . . and some others including Philo, Freshman Philo (Hygiene), English and Philo of Ed. Phil Silverstein in Ed takes the first five lines of the introduction to some book and gives it a mature, penetrating treatment in a style similar to what any rigorous math major would pen. "If I get away with this I'll know that I can graduate college doing nothing." Needless to say three years of college had really taught him something.

Dr. Lisman shuffles his caaards and gives a Vector exam. "Straighten these out

in order and you pass." Advanced Calculus is given thus—"Take any old caaard, explain it, read it and pronounce the Greek letters." The Physics crowd is seen limping through the halls mumbling "Never again . . . again, again. A whole term's work." Two days before the end, they are heard vocalizing a little louder. "Four topics to memorize plus an oral on everything—what a concession." The night before—certain students faint—a call is made at 11 P.M. Wenger and Solomon are shipped off to the Catskills . . . Lowan relents . . . a sick class, head bowed, walks into the exam room the next day and comes out singing. "Never again," they exclaim. "Agmas Nefesh 12 is not for me."

In Ed, the sentence is to be filled in with a word. Guess what word I'm thinking of? Sorry, Mr. Finkelstein, "however" is not correct. The term is over but rumor has it that Hertzberg has left Chem for Baltimore. Others have left too. The summer catharsis is on. . . .

Oh well, here comes the Senior year.

University Education

October of 1950 found one half of our original class back in YU preparing for the final spurt. The seniors returned with mixed emotions—ranging from extreme relief at the prospect of leaving, to utter joy at the hopes of graduating. With Bill Solomon and Gerry Krakower, our class prexy and veep, we, the Senior Class, officially welcome the Class of 1954. We can do this in cold blood with the learned knowledge that time healeth all wounds.

Five new faculty members are added as the new term begins. Lainoff and Robinson in at English replacing no one. The school's just expanding—that's all. Dr. Halberstadt over to Advanced Finkelstein (oops Latin), Imerti in for Speech and Adler relieves Orleans at Psychology who needed relief. A psychology teacher is a transient ephemeral being (period). Academically speaking, there wasn't much to say.

Last year's rather large group of Physics majors had been decimated with Bert Mond, Paul Teicher and Harry Weinstein exclaiming, "Vell—ve've had enough!" Solomon, Katsman, Levy, Wenger and Lieberman still persisted in taking a variety of Physics courses—namely "Electricity and Magnetism." These never again majors of last year's "Self-Justification" course attributed all this to Ayn Breirah (who blamed it on the Dean) and hoped for the best. Dr. Lowan announces that this would be a problem course. His prophecy comes true and solutions to this problem were arrived at as January 30, 1951 rolled around. They went that-a-way!!! The Physics-Math majors along with some Juniors take Theory of Numbers with Yuki and find Arithmetic a very fascinating subject. Sheeye Hertzberg—our editor—returns to his first love, Mathematics, as predicted exclusively in this column. Remember, you read it here first. Despite this love, he takes Theory of Equations, Differential Equations, Theory of Numbers and Actuarial Statistics. "There'll be no work this year," was his motto.

This slogan, it seems, reflected very accurately the turn of the senior mind as sixty-five students, half of them seniors, registered for Psychology 11 with the new instructor, Mr. Adler. Finkelstein, Adler, Mann, Solomon, Borenstein, Twersky, Gross, and Heimowitz all attended occasionally. EPIPHENOMENALISM—epiphenomenalism epiphenomenalism, rah, rah, rah!!! Scattered applause greeted the name of Freud. Havelock Ellis brought whistles with feet stamping. At Kinsey —Red, Jack and Gus stood up and cheered for five minutes—after which they left and didn't return until the final. Anything else after that, they felt, would be anti-climactic. The name of E. J. Wohlgelerenter must be engraved here as it was he, yes he, who, faced with the dilemma of boredom or non-attendance, met the challenge squarely by bringing a radio to class—sat in back and listened to the Symphonic Matinee.

In keeping with the concept of no work, Dave Scheinfeld has just informed us that he is president of the Economics Society. Ditto with Philo 11, under the

active tutelage of Prof. Litman, enlisted to its ranks 55 seniors and 10 sit-ins of the Math-Physics variety. The course in Modern Philo covered Spinoza very adequately . . . if only the class had bothered to read him, what they might have learned!! Litman spends and devotes three periods a week to an impartial objective discussion of our South American neighbors with their Latin logic and Dominican manners . . . Ish Cohen shows his true colors . . . "your paper has that Brazilian touch—too much rhythm and no music. . . . Enough of this Ganzian Krechtzeides . . . you certainly may not agree with me . . . everyone has a right to be wrong. Rich, giving me a cigar, even a twenty-five cent one, cannot expiate that crime of bad thinking. Last week's ten cent cigar was a shocking exhibition of slip-shod logic—thinking that I smoke dime stogies!"

The Basic Society of last year announces the assumption of the ZES quite early in the term and declares the Senior year, Basic Year. The board of permanent Zes members, consisting of Gus. Red, Lutz, Leon Zes Levy and Bubkins immediately get to work organizing Peoples' Movements and evaluating certain items as Zes or Unbasic. A Basic of the Month Club was instituted—"All About Eve" receives the Zes rating. Certain Chem courses were declared un-Zes and Organic was put on the Index. Peoples' Palace, 315, 302, 424 Zes!!

Arky Landes, a distinguished senior, our Prexy, just back from a restful summer at Massad (Zes), gets to work early. The first Dean's Reception takes place, unboycotted and uneventful. The Math Club this year holds its meetings weekly and the Mites take their beatings meekly. (That last line is terrible—Editor or not, either that line goes or I go . . .) Red Finkelstein, our former literary editor. ex-Ed. of Nir and President of Eranos, resigns himself to the task of graduating and resigns from everything else. Paul Teicher, a Physics major, lowan behold, takes psych with statistics. He just loves numbers. Paul embraces Dianetics and is practically a full-fledged auditor. Dianetics . . . is that people with a lot of sugar? In a way, honey. It's a science of people who have a lot of sugar and don't care if they spend it. The mind, you know . . .

His Registrarship begins to interview the seniors to find out who's graduating and to get to know us better. It looks like 8 Summas, 9 Magnas and 12 Cums.

The January term is coming to a close. Gil Shoham, Dave Rosenhan and Moish Kranzler are still taking Chem . . . Leon Levy, Bury Ginsburg are yet in Physics . . . the bird is on the wing . . . the exams are in the safe . . . Avrum is sharpening his knives . . . and Fantasia is at the Heights (Zes!). The week of the finals witnesses nothing momentous except that the old, established records for attendance at the Empress and Heights are broken. Leslie Kimmel—El Mustachio—studies with Barney Koenigsberg. heap big chess man. for exams. Barney figures that the scenery at Union City will be much more conducive. Machlaka Vov is declared Basic Zes when it walks out of a certain History exam given by a teacher whose name will not be mentioned, Dr. Pinkos Churgin. (This line is through the courtesy of Dr. Litman, whose influence is being felt more and more every day on the land, in the air and especially at sea.) The term ends with the number of summas halved, the magnas thirded and the cums—well, cum now, your majesty.

When the programs are handed in for the February term, the birds are still on the wing but the picture at the Heights has changed. Barry Ginsburg. who despite all warnings took Mechanics 11, decides to dispense with 12 and keeps his A anyway. A quite remarkable achievement. The first social event of the term takes place with the announcement of the new Basic list. as Lennie Aronson is declared Zes! Shimmy Hellerstein is voted a full krechtzer by a peoples tribunal and debasicized . . . Sheeye Hertzberg accepts the assumption in public and gets himself a piece of Zes!! Prof. Litman still pulls them in. Ed Psych has a registration of seventy-five—fifty to Mr. Adler (what. still with us?) and twenty-five to Mr. Terkel (still a Dewey man and still making some points). Twersky, Moish Stadt, Steve Jaffe, G.S. keep the ball rolling as each one gives over his experiences . . . in the field of ed. of course.

Dave Steinberg majors in Chem—what, still with us? Babe Lobel still wearing

the same hat as in first year. Ira Albeck, the Bard of Staten Island, has writ some pomes for the Masmid. This was done while not engaged in the Great Debate with Gersh Sadowsky in Blackie's shiur. How does that song go? "Anything you can krechtz, I can krechtz better. . . ." Yukie, in his nos. course learns Metallurgy, with Louis Cooper becoming Silver, Silverstein becoming Cooper and Mond becoming Borenstein. (How did that get in here?) Pushie Lieberman emerges from his shell in the TI office—becomes titled Mr. Lieberman and calls Dr. Brody, Pushy. (We didn't get that one either.)

Work on the Masmid is progressing with Izzy Moseson of Commie's Business giving Willy the Wheel the benefits of his rich experience—"Rob a bank."

Moshe Salman . . . Leonard Estra . . . Joseph Schultz . . .

Litman delivers explosive lecture . . . Gootkind cries . . . writes, Litman cries . . . Commie writes . . . Dean cries . . .

Senior class picnic planned for some Sunday in Sphira—oops. Central Park. Turns out to be Rosh Chodesh who is basic . . . Some seniors ask to make sure it doesn't fall on May Day . . . something about impossibility of being in two places at the same time . . . Impresario Bill Solomon, who has now activated himself up to a peak of high dramatic intensity, directs all the plays given this year. Every *one* of them. Aaron's Krauss and Mann reach the pinnacle of success . . . or its bridge.

Leonard Estra . . . Joseph Schultz . . . Moshe Salman . . .

BIM Feldman, the three ring circus clown—TI, RIETS and YC—philosophizes and concludes that Bim is inconsistent with Feldman and drops it. Botnick, however, no mean philosopher himself, is kind enough to pick it up and keep it. Incidentally, Bim's six brothers and sisters move in from California; Goldie Feldman is working in the Scripta office for Dr. Ginsberg. Attention Creditors!

Student Council breaks diplomatic relations with Faculty-Student Committee, headed by Dr. Lisman, Bernstein, Freed, Grinstein, etc. Dean's Reception in gym this term. Orchestra withdraws! Acoustics terrible . . . they claim. Spear writes famous letter to Commie . . . Fleischer acclaims writing talent; Truman also writes letter about music . . . Spear acclaims writing talent; Acoustics withdraws from gym . . . claim orchestra is terrible.

Joseph Schultz—Moishe Salman—Leonard Estra—

Willie Slomowich takes Theory of Functions. Marcia Leibner becomes engaged (Ruby Heisler's name won't be mentioned here if we can help it—Imagine printing finals for the other side, and not letting us take a peek!).

Dr. Fleischer publishes his book on Godwin in Jolly old England. Linn reviews for Commie . . . Commie publishes Administrator . . . "Lispman becomes S. C. Prexy as students vote as one man, gets 21 gun salute aimed at office."

Stein (remember him!), still an entering Freshman, and Hershkowitz win 2nd and 3rd positions on All-City Basketball team. Hilty (remember him!) sends out 1500 cards alone. Ah, publicity! I hear you calling. Steve Katz gets the Hartstein Public Relations Award. "What's Yeshiva?" asks Bert Lee and Marty Glickman.

Natie Gordon becomes key man as Bill Solomon works for Senior dinner.

Pesach comes as Moishe Sanders announces 25 more school days until liberation. Arky Landes asks to be sure to be mentioned. Seniors ask to be excused from finals. "It's not the work, it's the principle behind it" . . . Principal decrees that students work. No excuses! and that's final!

Senior Class awards plaque of gratitude to Prof. Litman in recognition of his service to the school and in particular to our class.

We assume that the Class of '51 will be graduated on schedule, intact. Rumor has it that this will be the ONLY Class of '51 to be graduated from the ONLY Jewish University in the Diaspora located on 186th St. & Amsterdam Ave. But we just can't be too sure!!

And now we must finally come to the end of this little idyll. Our four years at Yeshiva College are rapidly drawing to a close and will be culminated on June 19 when we are officially bestowed with the title GRADUATE. GOOD LUCK SENIORS, AND SMOOTH SAILING.

JACK ADLER *Biology*
Bio Club, Pre-Med

IRA ALBECK *Philosophy*
Eranos, I.R.S.

ISRAEL BILUS *Philosophy*
Deutscher Verein, Psychology Club

LEO BORENSTEIN *Math*
Intramural Basketball

SOLOMON P. BOTNICK *Philosophy*
Deutscher Verein

PYNCHAS BRENER *Math*
Orchestra, Commentator—Copy Editor 49-50, Managing Editor 50-51

ISMAEL COHEN *Philosophy*
Pres. Le Cercle Francais 47-49, La Tertulia

LOUIS COOPER *Math*
Math Club

MORRIS DESHELL *English*
Eranos

HILLEL D. DRYSPIEL *Biology*
Basketball Varsity 47-51, Commentator Sports Editor 49-51. Maccabean

ALBERT D. EISEMANN *History*
Economics Club, Deutscher Verein

LEONARD ESTRA *Sociology*
Audio-Visual Service, Veteran's Club

MEYER FELDBLUM *Philosophy*
Psychology Club

DAVID M. FELDMAN *Philosophy*
Chug Ivri, Pres. Deutscher Verein 50, Eranos

PHILIP FINKELSTEIN *Classical Languages*
Pres. Eranos 51, Commentator. Masmid

LUDWIG FLEISCHMANN *Psychology*
Commentator, Co-op. La Tertulia

AARON FREDMAN *Philosophy*
Basketball Varsity 47-49, Eranos, La Tertulia

JACOB E. FRIEDMAN *English*
Library Staff

MORRIS GANZ
Political Science-Philosophy
Vice-President Junior Class, I.R.S., Deutscher Verein

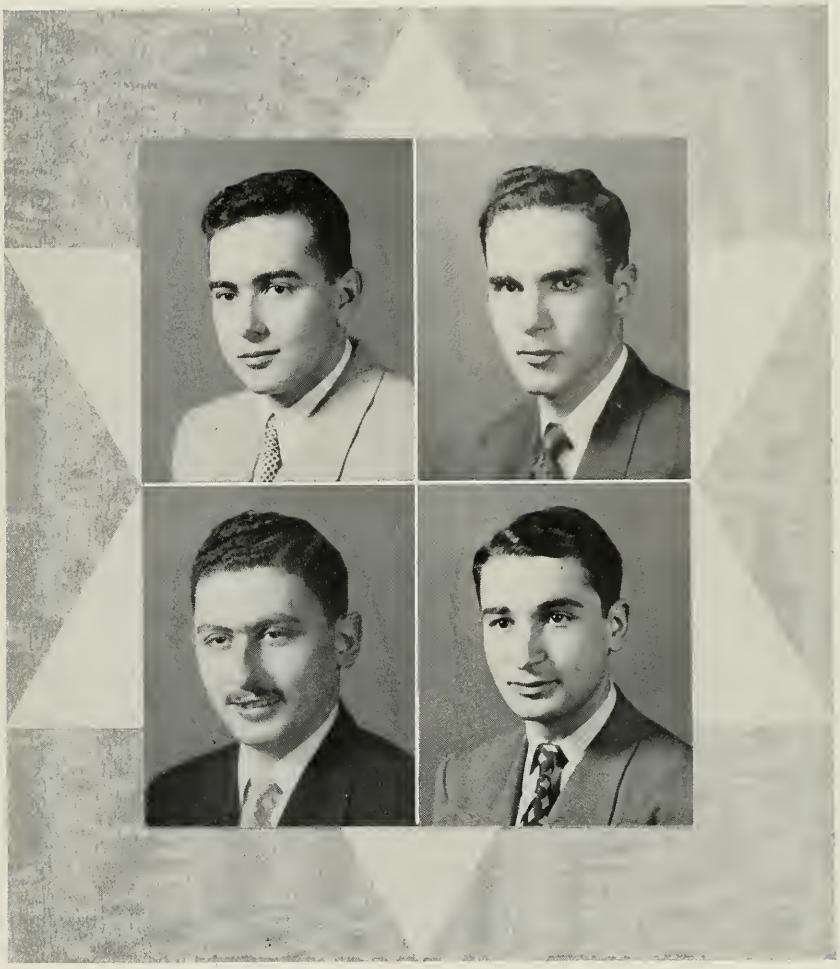
BARRY S. GINSBURG
Masmid Photography Editor 51. Math Club, Commentator, La Tertulia, First Aid Instructor, Junior Math Award

PHILIP H. GOLDMAN *History*
Vice-President Freshman Class, Chug Ivri

NATHAN W. GORDON *Political Science*
Secretary Veteran's Society 48-49, Deutscher Verein, I.R.S., Economics Society, Swimming Club

ELI B. GREENWALD *History*
Library Staff

MANNY GROSS *Sociology*
Intramural Basketball, Eranos

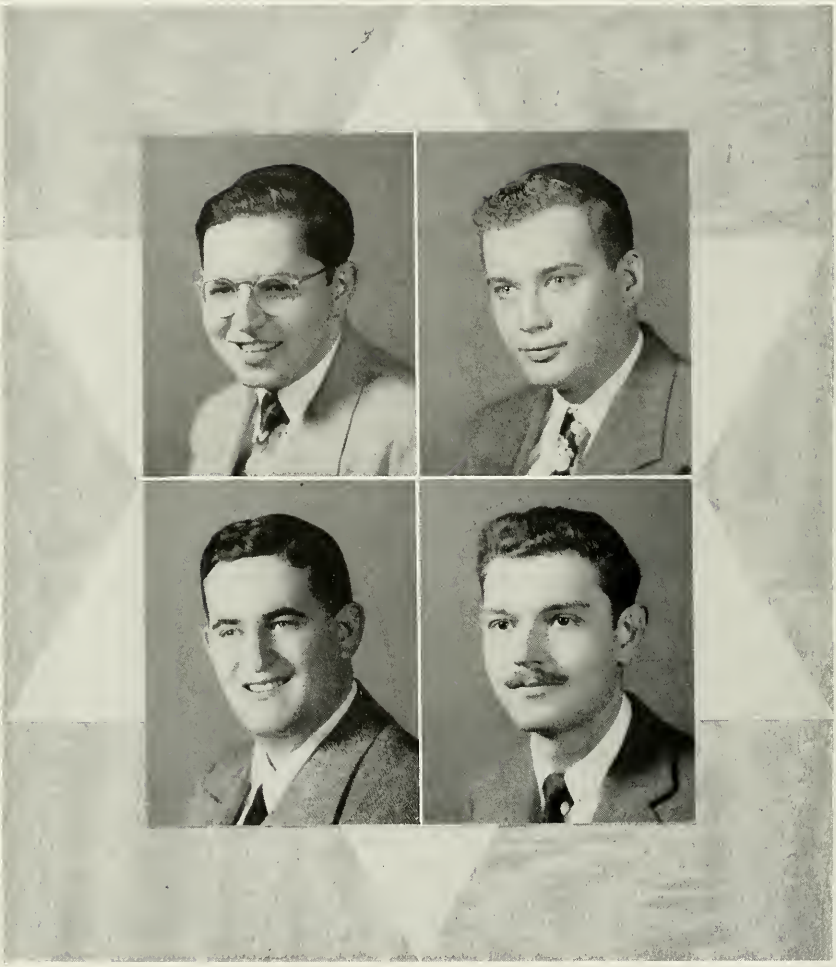


REUBEN E. GROSS *English*
President Freshman Class, Cheering Commentator, La Tertulia, Swimming Club

JOSEPH HEIMOWITZ *History*
La Tertulia, Economics Society, I.R.S., Tennis Team

REUBEN E. HEISLER *English*
Commentator, Masmid, Maccabean, Co-op, Library Staff, Debating, Placement Service

WOLF HELMREICH *Chemistry*
Fencing Team 49-51—Captain 50-51



JOSHUA HERTZBERG *Math*
Masmid—Business Manager 49-50, Editor-in-Chief 50-51, Bookstore—Sales Manager 49-50, Le Cercle Francais

STEVEN JAFFE *History*
Co-op, Sec'y-Treas. Economics Society 50-51, Deutscher Verein, Library Staff

PHILIP KATSMAN *Physics*
Weight - Lifting Instructor, Deutscher Verein, Math Club

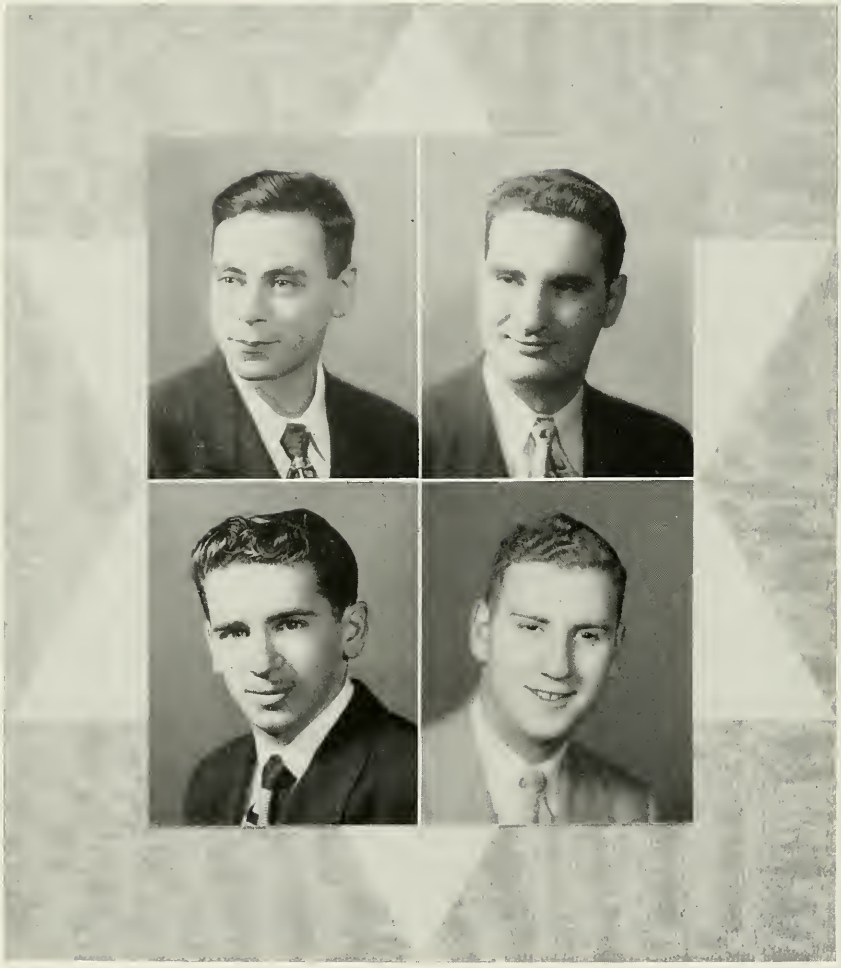
LESLIE KIMMEL *Psychology*
Deutscher Verein, Psychology Club

BERNARD KOENIGSBERG *Psychology*
President Chess Club 49-50, Captain Chess Team 49-50, Biology Club, French Club

GERALD W. KRAKOWER *Chemistry*
President Junior Class, Vice-President Senior Class, Masmid Managing Editor 50-51

HYMAN KRANTZ *Math*
Inter-murals. Commentator

MOSES N. KRANZLER *Biology*
Manager Co-op 50-51, Pre-Med Society, Biology Club, Weight Lifting Instructor



AARON N. H. KRAUSS *Psychology*
Commentator, Debating

MAURICE LAMM *English*
Masmid—Literary Editor 50-51, French Club

AARON LANDES *Psychology*
Student Council Sec.-Treas. 49-50, Pres. 50-51. Manager Debating Team 49-50, Dramatic Society

LEON S. LEVY *Physics*
Commentator—News Editor 49-50, Editor-in-Chief 50-51, Math Club

ALFRED LICHTER *Classical Languages*
Eranos

AARON I. LIEBERMAN *Physics*
Math Club Vice-Pres. 50-51

SIDNEY LIEBERMAN *History*
Soccer Team, Deutscher Verein

NORMAN LOBEL *English*
Deutscher Verein

AARON J. MANN *Biology*
Manager Basketball Team 48-49, Athletic Manager 49-50, Pre-Med, Biology Club, Deutscher Verein

BENJAMIN MIGDAL *History*
President Veteran's Organization 49-50, Le Cercle Francais

BERTRAM MOND *Math-Physics*
Vice-President Sophomore Class, Chairman Fireside Chats 50-51, Math Club, Masmid, Chess Club

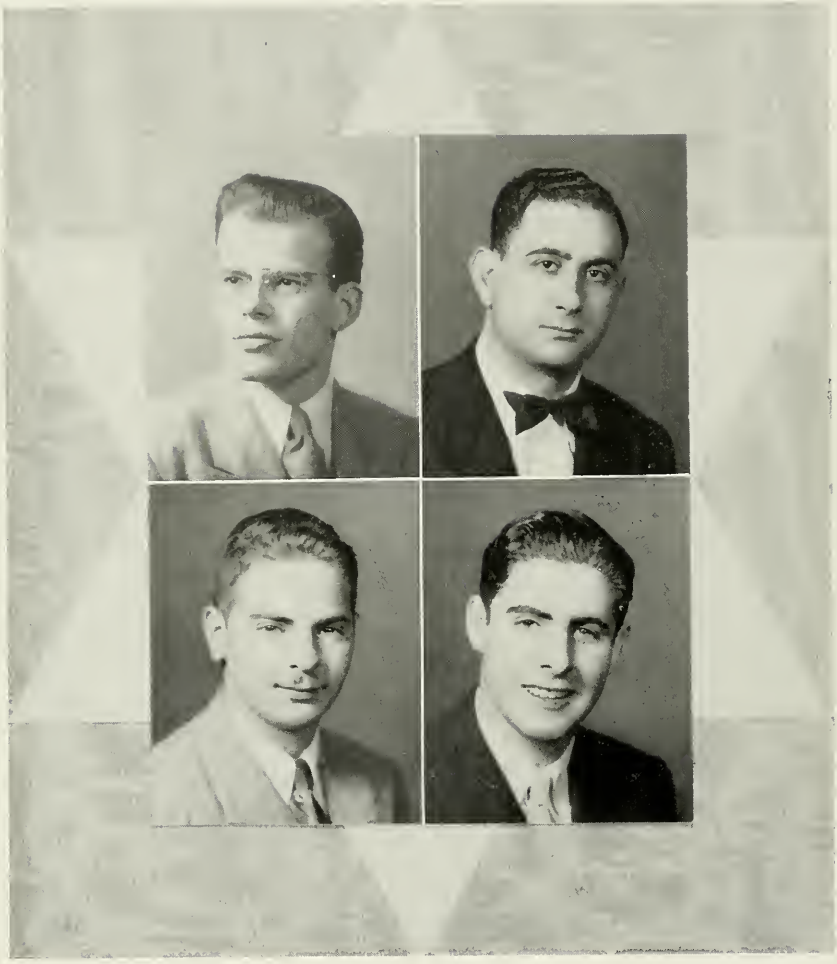
ISAAC MOSESON *History*
Commentator Business Manager 50-51, Fencing Team

PHILIP RABINOWITZ *Psychology*
Co-chairman Arts & Crafts 49-50. Commentator—Business Manager 49-50. First-Aid Instructor

MYRON E. RAKOWITZ
Political Science
Commentator Copy Editor 49, News Editor 49-50, I.R.S.

HARRY L. RASHBAUM *Philosophy*
Economics Society Vice-Pres. 50-51, Eranos Society, French Club. Bookstore Associate Manager 49-50

MEYER D. RICH *Political Science*
I.R.S.



DAVID L. ROSENHAN *Chemistry*
President Debating Team 49-50, Commentator—Editorial Ass't 50-51

MAURICE SANDERS *Political Science*
I.R.S.

MOSHE S. SASSON *Political Science*
I.R.S.

NOEL H. SCHALL *Philosophy*
Deutscher Verein

DAVID SCHEINFELD *Political Science*
Tennis Team, Pres. Economics Society 50-51, Co-Captain Chess Team 50-51, Chess Club

ARTHUR SCHNEIER *Biology*
Student Council Vice-Pres. 50-51, President Pre-Med Society 50-51, Student Placement

JOSEPH P. SCHULTZ *English*
Debating Team, Deutscher Verein

GILBERT L. SHOHAM *Chemistry*
Math Club

WILLIAM SLOMOVIC *Math*
Math Club

ALFRED P. SOLOMON *English*
Commentator—Copy Editor 49-50, News Editor 50-51, Library, Orchestra, Dramatics

GUSTAVE SOLOMON *Math-Physics*
Math Club President 50-51, Masmid—Literary Editor 50-51, Junior Math Award

WILFRED SOLOMON *Psychology*
President Senior Class, Dramatics Society President 49-51, Psychology Club, Deutscher Verein

ARTHUR SPEAR *Sociology*
I.R.S., Y. U. Orchestra 47-51—Manager 50-51

MURRAY E. STADTMAUER *Philosophy*
Commentator—Copy Editor—News Editor 48-49. Editor-in-Chief 49-50

DAVID STAVSKY *Psychology*
Library Staff, Psychology Club

DAVID H. STEINBERG *Chemistry*
Co-captain Chess Team 50-51. Pres. Chess Club 50-51, Chem Club

PAUL TEICHER *Physics*
Library Staff, Psychology Club

NORMAN TWERSKY *Philosophy*
Pres. I.R.S. 50-51, Economics Club, Deutscher Verein, Placement Service

BEN ZION WACHOLDER *English*
Economics Club

HARRY M. WEINSTEIN *Physics*
Library Staff

AARON WEITZ *Political Science*
I.R.S. Vice-Pres. 49-50

IRWIN WENGER *Math-Physics*
Math Club President 51

SAUL WISCHNITZER *Chemistry*
Chem Club, Pre-Med

NORMAN WOOL *Political Science*
I.R.S.

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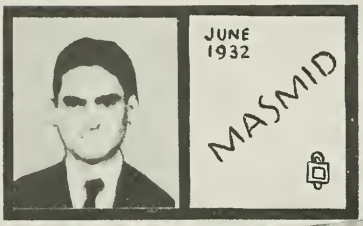
1934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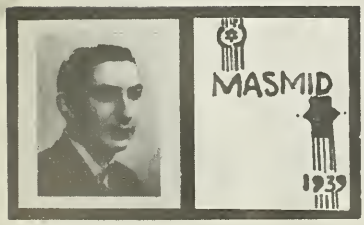
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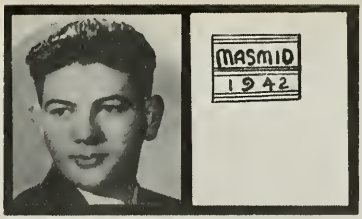
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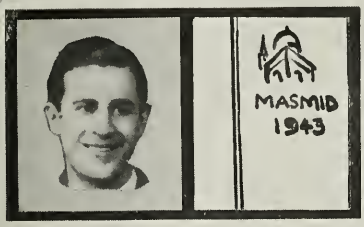
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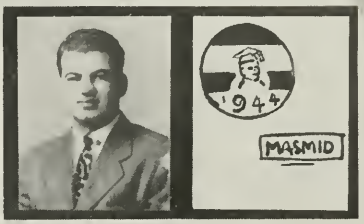
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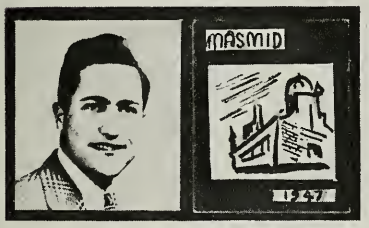
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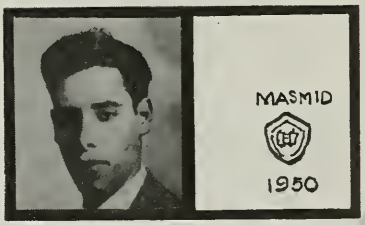
MASMID
1950

Yeshiva
MASMID
1951

This June Yeshiva College is graduating its 20th senior class. Since 1932, when the first class graduated, Masmid has appeared each year without fail as the annual senior yearbook. Much has been written in the nineteen previous issues—articles, short stories, poetry—some good and some bad, some that could only be appreciated midst the disillusionment of the 30's and some that can be enjoyed at all times. In the following pages of the anniversary section we have endeavored to recapture a glimpse of the past by reprinting a few of the literary contributions of former years. Those pieces selected are not necessarily the best of the lot—they were merely chosen because they represent and thus recreate the moods of the time in which they were written. Our choice was a difficult one—we weighed, debated, considered and finally reached agreement. We feel though that the enjoyment that you the reader will derive from the stimulating pages to follow will be well worth the many pains that were put into the selection of the material.

THE GOVERNING BOARD

The editors of the respective Masmids appearing on the previous two pages are as follows:

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Apologia Literaria

(Reprinted from '42 Masmid)

The Literary Section of a college magazine
Receives no more attention than a dried up nectarine.
And even those who take the time to thumb its pages through,
Give it just a hurried glance and turn to something new.
So I don't think we'd perch ourselves too far out on a limb
Were we to say the chances that you'll read it well, are slim.
But should there be among you folk the type who likes to read
Who pays real strict attention, and to every line gives heed,
We'd like to ask you, if we may, all errors to excuse.
And not to lay the blame upon our Literary Muse.

But in the hustle, bustle, and the chaos and confusion
Which drove us nearly crazy 'ere the Masmid reached conclusion,
It's more than likely that we lost a comma or a colon.
And couldn't stop to find it 'cause we had to keep on rollin'.
Our editors are not at fault, our printers aren't either,
It just results from working hard, sans time to catch a breather.
So when you read it, think of us—don't scrutinize each letter,
We will be happier by far, and you'll enjoy it better.

Myron I. Reis

Just Another Wheelchair

BY NATHAN ROSENBAUM

(Reprinted from '45 Masmid)

When the sun is shining on the terrace you can see all of us—excepting those that are bedridden of course. lined up in our wheelchairs, looking over the visitors who have come to smile and pity.

Really though, we don't envy the fact that you have two legs or two arms. You "normal" people would never be the center of attraction on a subway or a bus. But take me for instance. When I get out of this da—— . . . beautiful rehabilitation center. just think of all the attention and sympathy I'll get. Why everybody will make as much of a fuss over me as if I were a movie star. I can see myself being helped across the street by some beautiful girl scout.

Of course, I'll shoo her away, with the words of a typical returning hero. That's all right miss, my dog Prince can see when there are cars coming. There'll be loads and loads of people about me. Now doesn't all this limelight I'm going to harvest make you turn green with envy? Don't you wish that you were in my boots? What are you laughing about? I will have boots. . . . I admit it'll take a little time until I get my "feet"—but. . . . Don't mind me. I used to have a good sense of humor once but it seems that the doctor amputated that along with everything else. . . .

It's darn nice of you people to come to see us loafers. Do you see that fellow over there—no, not that guy. . . . I knew you would look at him . . . everybody does . . . My God, haven't you ever seen a man with the shivers. . . . Frankie there has them perfected in such a way that they bring out the worst in him. . . . But take a look at the chap next to him. I have his spot memorized by now. He's just about the laziest bum on one foot hereabouts—Won't even read the magazine with those sexy looking fems sprawled across the pages. The nurse told him that she'd gladly turn the pages for him but he only shakes his head—the loafer.

We certainly get a big kick out of seeing you big healthy people come around to look at us puny fellows. You're a great bunch of sympathizers. I don't know what we would do without you. And just think if not for the war, we never would have met.

Now take a fellow like me, for example. If anybody ever got up guts enough to saunter over my way and stay long enough for a second look, just think of the push along the road to recovery I would get. But the gosh awful truth is that nobody ever gives me a tumble. I'm left to talk to the air—and after a while it gets a bit putrid. I know . . . that's right mister, pass me by. Did you have a good shudder? I'm certainly glad to hear that. . . . Hope I can do as much for you some day—maybe after the next war!

As I was saying before that wretched creature refused to interrupt me. nobody ever stays around me after a passing "hello" or a "hi soldier." For example . . . by the gates of Juno! get a whiff of that perfume heading this way . . . Ma-muh!

"Hi soldier, nice day isn't it?"

"——Sure is, would you like to. . . ."

That's right, don't stay longer than you have to. . . . I'll tell her a thing or two. . . .

"What's the matter lady? Does the sight of me turn your stomach?" . . . uh, uh, I smell that toilet water again. Here she comes . . . probably gonna apologize . . . or something.

"Hello again soldier. I'm terribly sorry about having had to leave you in such a hurry. You see I have my husband here and I hope you don't mind if I seemed overanxious to be on my way to see him. I'll be glad to stop here on my way back . . . if you'd like me to."

"I'm . . . well . . . gee ma'm. . . . Would I?"

"Don't go away now."

That voice . . . in the movies they would say, "It sounded like silk" . . . to me it sounded like . . . that's ridiculous. . . . I really must be going batty. . . .

* * *

. . . My family was a large one. There were six of us for mama to take care of. Mama used to do all the housework herself. You see we couldn't afford a maid—among several other things which would have made mama's lot an easier one. But the lack of material comfort didn't prevent our family from being a happy bunch. Around that rickety table of ours that bragged of one solid leg, were gathered a handful of youth that never missed a chance to heckle and kibitz each other.

Mama worked hard, it was true. But she never was sick a day in her life. As a matter of fact she never even bothered to think about the consequences that straining over the tub until the small hours of the morning after a hard day's work at the dress factory might bring, or that her organs would become impaired from the back breaking drudgery to which she subjected her body.

When the children came home one afternoon they found mama lying on the bed and Dr. Fink standing over her. The doctor told the family that if mama was to survive she must cease "working" her way to the grave. Cruel, cruel Dr. Fink. It was he who had once told Naomi when he was treating her for an upset stomach that if she didn't stop gobbling her food, she would have trouble with her appendix. Little did the old buzzard know that Naomi's appendix had been removed when she was vacationing in the Catskills.

If there was the slightest possibility that Dr. Fink may have been mistaken, it soon vanished. Mama kept to her bed and gradually became reconciled to the life of a chronic invalid.

Now that the situation had grown severe, papa arose from his glass of tea, ran his fingers through his mouse colored beard and announced that it wasn't at all improbable that he might seriously contemplate going out to look for a job. Mind you, he didn't promise us that he would go out in search of work, but at least he convinced us that he would entertain the thought.

Naomi was serving the soup when we heard a springy step on the stairs. We were just about to clear the table in anticipation of some visitor when the door was flung wide open and there wreathed in impudence stood papa with his head held aloft. Gladys rushed for a glass of water and Joey fetched a chair. Papa gave them both an icy stare and strode to the center of the kitchen. The gold tooth in his mouth glistened meaningfully, as papa parted his lips to speak.

"Children, for a long time mama has slaved. Believe me, it always hurt me to see my beloved working so hard. If only I would have been able to help her. But you all know that your papa is a sick man. Joey, please give me a chair. . . . That's a good boy. Now that mama darling is so sick, I decided that I must forget about my sickness and provide for you, my little lost sheep. Children, I want you to be the first to know that we're going to be rich beginning right now. Sol, ask mama if she has some change, and then run down to Izzy's and get a few bottles of cream soda. This calls for a celebration."

The manager of the factory got to like papa's work and his salary kept rising like a thermometer. When papa told us of the new apartment on the Grand Concourse that he had rented, we all went into tantrums of mingled happiness and hysterics. The twins wanted to know if there would be a backyard with trees and flowers. It took papa just a split second to inform them that the Bronx wasn't the "country." Mama took it all in with a philosophic smile.

"Who knows," said mama, "maybe the cockroaches are just as big in the Bronx."

* * *

Years passed and papa became a big man in the factory. Now that papa was a man of some wealth he began to take the "futures" of his sons seriously. Joey was working as a manager in a wholesale produce concern and Sol was on the way up in

the haberdashery line. But all this was not good enough for papa. It was his idea to have both Joey and Sol quit their jobs and enroll in a good college. He claimed that it wasn't respectable for a man in his position to have sons who weren't "professionals." Of course *Joey* didn't *have* to be a doctor and *Sol* didn't *have* to be a lawyer just because *he* said so. Papa was democratic enough to let them choose who was to be the doctor and who the lawyer.

Needless to say, papa's plans seemed highly ridiculous to the boys. Even mama tried to convince the boys—that is, after she had failed to convince papa that he was talking nonsense. A battle royal would have been fought had it not been for the timely intervention of the Japanese Air Force which was trying to test American courage on Pearl Harbor.

The family was stunned when Sol came home early one afternoon and let them in on the news that he had enlisted in the Navy. Joey told his brother that he was a fool for doing it and that he would regret it for the rest of his life—that is if he would come back with one.

"Do you think that Rosalie is going to wait for you? She'll probably get hitched to the first fellow who comes along."

Sol felt miserable. Rosalie meant everything to him. With her gone, life would be empty. Sol went off to the wars leaving Rosalie with his love and the hope that he would return.

. . . When Joey was drafted he was bitter at the whole world. Here he was making eighty a week, the prettiest kid in Brooklyn madly in love with him and the Army comes along to put the screws on his life. . . . Mama and papa were all alone now. Oh, yes, there were still Naomi, Gladys and the twins. Naomi taught kindergarten, Gladys was a bookkeeper, and the fifteen-year old twins kept on worrying whether or not it was patriotic to make dates with sixteen-year-old civilians. . . . Papa read the papers and mama knitted scarfs for the boys: papa didn't know what he was reading and mama kept on dropping stitches. Everywhere they went they met the war—everything they did shouted "war"—and that meant Joey and Sol. The newspapers shouted "war" and the radio shouted "war"; the empty beds of their sons shouted "war"; the rows of suits lining the closets shouted "war"; the empty seats at the dinner table shouted "war"—and that meant Joey and Sol—away from home—lying in dirt—in mud—no food—bleeding—lying—gone forever—Joey and Sol—no more. . . .

Aunt Bessie was on the phone wanting to know if mama and papa were making a party in honor of their 25th wedding anniversary. Mama said that she was postponing all celebrations until the boys were home again.

"What, are you crazy? Who knows how long the war is going to last. Fool, you. Why do you worry about the boys so much? You act is if you were the only ones who have sons in the service. Listen to me and make a little family reunion. By the way, I forgot to tell you, they're not taking Sammie. He has such bad eyes, you know. Now don't forget to invite everybody."

* * *

The doorbell hadn't stopped ringing all evening.

"Gott in himmel," cried mama, "who's got room for this whole coxy army."

Mollie was there and so was Aunt Sadie with her bald headed attachment; Jonah brought his rheumatism along and cousin Stephanie hadn't forgotten to drag little Hymie with her. In case the family would feel like a musicale, Hymie would oblige. It would take very little coaxing for him to show what he could do with a violin. Uncle Jerry once remarked after being forced to listen to cousin Stephanie's prodigy—that if he was a little bolder he would tell Hymie *what* he could do with his violin.

The lights were on in the whole apartment and all seemed so gay and carefree. Everybody was hustling about taking bottles of cream soda from the ice box and grabbing slices of honey cake from mama's fancy tray reserved especially for such "company." Dishes were scattered all over the place and it almost seemed like old times. If only Joey and Sol were——

"There goes that darn doorbell again."

"Oh, it's probably a congratulatory telegram from Beckie. Her cousin is getting married tonight so she couldn't come here."

"Don't be so stupid," said clever Aunt Bessie. "Western Union doesn't accept such messages these days. You can never tell. I have a neighbor who received a telegram from the War Department just when she was——"

Aunt Bessie was always right—and tonight more so than ever before.

. . . "We regret to inform you that Private Joseph. . . ."

. . . Everybody cried. What else was there to do. They cried and then when they were finished, they wiped their eyes. Then they began crying all over again.

The Rabbi spoke eloquently and the Cantor chanted in heart rending tones. But all that couldn't bring Joey back—not even a small part of him not even—not even his remains—

. . . Tragedy comes in bundles and a special delivery package arrived bearing the name of "Mama Eisenberg." Within two months of the fateful news about Joey, mama's heart quit on the job.

* * *

Papa had become old and dried up. The light of the house had failed and all was black before the lonely man's eyes. The pillar of the house had fallen and papa felt the weight of the crumbling structure heavy and unbearable on his slender shoulders. Despondent, grief stricken and misery stained, the old frame that was once haughty and proud had now become bent and brittle.

. . . Rosalie kept writing to me every day. She wrote me everything that happened at home. Rosalie was mother and father to me—life itself. Without her at my side—I know that I couldn't have continued suffering. One day, I didn't receive mail from her. I thought that she might be ill. . . . For six months I didn't hear from her . . . never again . . . never again . . . did I ever hear from her.

I suppose though, that even if she would see me now, she wouldn't recognize me. I'm a pretty ugly guy. You wouldn't believe that I was voted "most handsome" in my senior year at High School, would you? Would you? Aw, you're not even listening to me. I don't blame you. You must be bored by now. But you see I just have to tell my story to anybody who will listen. Maybe somebody will be able to trace my Rosalie for me. . . . You see the rest of my family is scattered and . . . if I had Rosalie. . . . Do you think that she would come back to me—even though I'm . . . ugly . . . and there's only half of me around. . . .

"I have . . . to . . . go . . . . now . . . soldier. There's somebody waiting . . . I mean . . . . Look, it's not. . . ."

"I understand . . . I'm terribly sorry to have detained you. It seems just as if I was talking to. . . ."

"I must go now . . . goodbye . . . Goodbye Soldier . . . best of luck . . . I hope you find her . . . goodbye . . . goodbye soldier. . . ."

She thinks I didn't recognize her. Why I could tell that voice anywhere. She was left unmoved and cold . . . even after I finished talking to her. She wants to have nothing to do with me. . . . I'm blind . . . ugly . . . a cripple . . . can I blame her . . . she wants somebody who can take her in his arms—not somebody whom she'll have to nurse . . . she's gone . . . and I'm forgotten. . . . Maybe things aren't so bad . . . I'm a hero . . . got a purple heart . . . oak leaf clusters . . . decorations . . . ribbons . . . I'm a hero . . . that's right mister, shudder when you look at me . . . hope I can do the same for you . . . sure you're probably healthy and fat. . . . Rosalie would marry you. . . . I don't blame her. . . . Of course I don't . . . she deserves a man . . . not a guy who's only a decorated mass of twisted flesh and bones . . . shudder, that's right . . . hope I can do the same for you . . . next war . . . that's it . . . next war. Here comes the doctor . . . gonna ask me how I feel . . . a lot he cares . . . to him . . . to everybody. . . . I'm just . . . just another wheelchair.

L'on

by Morris A. Landes

There were steps on the Sands of Time,
  Swerving to and fro,
As if the wander'd lost his way
  And knew not where to go.

There were steps on the Sands of Time,
  Short steps, cautiously taken,
As if the wayfarer feared to tread
  Upon a shore, forsaken.

Unkempt hair, drawn face, long and lean,
  Whither do you go?
Ah, stare not on me with that troubled eye,
  Answer me; I would know.

The wayfarer smiled,
A bitter smile, bereft of mirth.
    "Where I go,
    I know not.
    Why I go,
    I care not.
  There is a magnet, pulls and pulls
  And leaves no time for rest.
  It is a longing; it is a curse,
  That burns within my breast.
    What I want,
    I see not.

"Foot follows foot, and I walk and I walk.
I damn each step I take.
I pray, I pray to God that I may but
This wretched sphere forsake.
Yet, I don't want to die and leave a not yet
Solved problem in my wake.
And, all the while, greedy Neptune sucks at me.
Where? There, where the waves break

  "Somewhere in that dark—In that dark!
    If but the moon would shine,
  Perhaps I would not trip so much,
    Nor fall so oft in the slime,
  Nor wander ever aimlessly
    O'er sludgy Sands of Time."

The wayfarer smiled,
A smile dead from the instant of birth.

Unkempt hair, drawn face, long and lean,
  Where did you disappear?
You were standing near, a moment 'go.
  Whence did you pass from here?

I looked to the skies above me.
Dark clouds of dreary night.
I gazed in front of me.
Blindness I could almost feel.
Beside me. In back of me.
Beneath me. Black. Black. Black.

Nothing, nothing but pelting
Rain, that washed, but could not wash
'Way, steps that had lost their way.

Poor fool, why do I stare?
'T was I talking to myself.
But, on *oo'l'on?* Where? Where? Where?

(Reprinted from '39 Masmid)

The Humor in Bialik's Works

BY ISRAEL LERNER

(*Reprinted from '42 Masmid*)

Incorporating within himself two aspects of the Jewish soul, suffering imposed by a holocaust of hostility and laughter emanating from an inner radiating source, Chaim Nachman Bialik (1873-1934) bequeathed to us a multi-faceted literary work. Although his fame rests primarily on those works in which he shows the perpetually pitiable plight of the Jews, his other works must not be neglected. A man who refuses to become deaf to life's lighter chatter in spite of the predominating volume of its graver elements, shows that he and the people he comes from, are of stern stuff.

Bialik's soaring imagination rebelled against literary narrowness. Just as he did not limit his fiery thoughts to one specified literary mold, so did he not exploit one mine of humor to the exclusion of all others. His writings contain spices that were originally ground by his literary teacher and friend, "Mendele Mocher Seforim," but they also have a powerful original flavor. Mendele methodically built up a long story whenever he felt constrained to satirize certain aspects of Jewish life in Czarist Russia. Bialik, on the other hand, expresses the essence of his observations in a few lines of poetry, or in a short story, in such a manner that clearly chiseled works of art emerge before our eyes.

Bialik hurls his satiric shafts against emptiness. While he views with scorn the materialistic point of view and the profound ignorance of certain Main Street Jews, he objects still more strenuously to the half-baked intellectual. Knowing that opportunity for material and cultural advancement was curtailed in Romanov Russia, Bialik could sympathize somewhat with the unlearned small town Jew. This can be seen from the two stories, "Aryay Baal-Guf"[1] and "Behind the Fence."[2] In these works he describes a healthy, ignorant and indifferent type of Jew, the type represented by Aryay and Noah, the two heroes. The author is interested in them not because he approves of their way of life, but because the recesses of their minds at least do not serve as hideouts of hypocrisy. Even when Bialik writes more bluntly about the small-town type of Jew, as in his poem "Who Knows the City of Listina?"[3] we can find a good-natured undertone beneath its satiric lines:

> "What's the business of a Listinite?
> There's one who belches, one who sweats,
> And one who yawns every night.
> There's a joker, and one gets
> "Maftir" without missing an affair;
> And one whose hogs'-hairs business nets
> Him millions, if there were hogs there."[4]

However he found very few good words for the aforementioned individuals who left the intellectual oven too soon and who thought of themselves as finished teachers and writers, whereas in reality they were but callow artists in content and style. It is no wonder that so erudite a person in Jewish learning as Bialik, regarded the invasion of the provinces of Jewish culture and Jewish affairs by the self-styled intellectuals and leaders as sacrilege of the meanest sort.

In the description entitled "The Merchant."[5] a short, stocky, gesticulating, slow-witted, and nimble-tongued fellow is drawn quickly but expertly before our eyes. The merchant is the financial wizard of the community. The trouble is that he is regarded as the buzzard of the town. The preceding year he proclaimed at the top of his voice

[1] Complete Works, Tel-Aviv, 1933. Book Two, Page One.
[2] Ibid. Page 39.
[3] Complete Works, Book One, Page 201.
[4] All quotations are free translations by writer of this essay from the original.
[5] Ibid. Book Two, Page 167.

and from the bottom of his heart that they should give him wine for business purposes. But, he told them, to keep away from pickles as from cholera. Heeding not his words, his fellow merchants did just the opposite, dragged him into it, and he was almost ruined; that is to say his financial ability to carry on business was over. But do not think the finer and nobler things in Judaism escape his attention. Here are the Merchant's own words in portraying his contribution to the survival of Zionism.

> "So, so . . . . I work. I and my cousin Velvel. Last Simchas Torah I and my cousin Velvel wanted to take a Torah to a separate room in which the donations would be dedicated for Zionistic purposes . . . . came up our two fathers, mine and Velvel's, and said 'no.' What can you do with a father? Suddenly Velvel sprang up . . . . Let's exchange. You take care of my father and I will take care of yours . . . . and so it was. I pushed Velvel's father away and Velvel pushed mine. And the Torah was taken to a separate room . . . . By the way, tell me, to whom do I have the honor of speaking. . . . What! An author? Then I'll read my poem to you right now. It only has one hundred and nineteen stanzas."([1])

Nevertheless Bialik, the humorous, friendly, smiling Bialik cannot condemn a man completely. He says of the merchant; "Sometimes . . . . I say: good for nothing . . . . go to . . . . and at times I sigh and say: You pure soul . . . . Woe to you and woe to your life!"([2])

Bialik's satire, unlike most satires, is constructive. While a great many satiric works are written in a supercilious vein, and therefore tend to grind everything distasteful to dust, Bialik's is in the nature of a prop to strengthen the weak points in the Jewish life about him. Where decay has set in in the structure of Jewish society, our author uses his devastating tools with effect. However, even then, we can discern a method in the destruction as if the author's blueprint called for saving the bits of good material that are intermingled with the decaying matter. Since it is a labor of love it accomplishes complete results. For by ferreting out the faults of the fathers, Bialik aids the younger generation to build high enough to reach its fondest aspirations.

Occupying the next place of importance in Bialik's humor is the anecdote. In the satire the faults of his fellow Jews are depicted, while in the anecdote, his own personal failings are described. Sitting on a pinnacle is, at its best, a lonely position, and at its worst a precarious adventure which may end in a downward plunge with the slightest false move. He therefore never desired to inspire awe in the hearts of people. The anecdotes reveal him as decidedly human and, therefore, all the more lovable.

In "Afterglow"([3]) Bialik describes how, as a child, he learned the alphabet. Looking at the Hebrew alphabet for the first time, he began to probe his childish memory in an attempt to find something associable with the letters. Little by little the letters assumed the shape of soldiers in a marching line. The third letter which had its foot forward, (the "gimmel") especially enchanted him. The Rabbi, without much ado, began by showing him the "Aleph" when he was checked by a troubled look on the child's face.

"Well, what is the matter?" inquired the Rabbi. "What are you looking for?"

"The drummer," was the response of the child, who couldn't conceive of an army without one. The Rabbi eyed him, transfixed.

"Goy, this is an 'aleph.' Say aleph, aleph."([4]) But the army fixation persisted in putting up a last ditch fight until a thorough thrashing effected its annihilation.

Even more indicative of Bialik's preference to be regarded as a man of the people is the short sketch entitled: "To the Rule of the March." ([5]) The poet was sitting one day in his chamber and was trying to find an appropriate rhythm and meter to form the lines of poetry that were in his mind, when the martial rhythm of a march burst forth in the street. A parade of soldiers was passing by. Enchanted by the tune of the

[1] Ibid. Page 170.
[2] Ibid. Page 167.
[3] Ibid. Page 121. Most of the material in the story is autobiographical.
[4] Ibid. Page 132.
[5] Ibid. Page 202.

march, the whole population of the town seemed to keep it going long after the parade passed away. The woman swept the stairs to the tune of the march. The woodchopper accomplished his task in the same manner. Everybody was captivated. "Gregarious animals," thought our poet. "One march tune comes along and destroys all their individuality. The cursed thing will probably rule the town for many days to come. Ah, it is only we poets who were endowed with the gift of individuality." Suddenly our poet felt that the inspiration for the proper rhythm had arrived. He wrote his poem. To his immense amazement, after it was finished he noticed that it followed not the pathways of the excepted rhythm but instead it was infested with that of the march.

The magnetic power of the anecdote lies not only in the fact that personal experience, if interesting, arouses interest in others, but also because an anecdote mirrors a past of which we or our ancestors were once a part. Our own memory or imagination brings to the fore actual occurrences or fabricated stories of the times with which the anecdote deals. Many people may be prejudiced against certain portions of the meat of history as being too heavy to digest, but most of us can stomach the gravy without undue difficulties. Cooking this gravy, however, requires skill of which few are possessed. Bialik's anecdotes are so expertly flavored and satisfying that we usually call for a second and third helping.

In the article entitled "The Melitz, The Tsfira, and the Color of the Paper"[1] a new way of studying geography is presented. Allowing practically no secular studies in the Yeshivos of those days, the teachers left it to the ingenuity of the pupils to pick up some broken crumbs of knowledge. Bialik, as a young boy, desired to learn some geography. In opening various editions of the tractates of the Talmud, he noticed names of cities such as Slavita and Zitomir. Now every tractate of the Zitomir edition was beautifully bound and printed. As a consequence, a picture of a clean, slushless, sunny city suggested itself. Her people emerged as healthy and good natured specimens of Homo Sapiens. On the other hand, the blurred print, rough paper and weak binding of the Slavita edition suggested a bleak and dreary image for their point of origin. The boy's mind fancied a perpetual snow and rain beleaguering a treeless city whose people must have suffered horribly from colds and tuberculosis. However, this mental edition of local geography had to be revised somewhat when the boy grew up and found out that it was not at all difficult to become ill at Zitomir and that Slavita was actually surrounded by forests and served as a health resort for tuberculars.

The lighter side of the struggle within Jewish education, whether or not to permit secular learning, unfolds itself. Pleading for the affirmative side of the controversy, the anecdote, in revealing the inquisitive nature of a boy, is a more powerful argument than a dozen long-winded speeches.

Not neglecting other aspects of humor, Bialik generously sprinkles "Prince Onions and Prince Garlic" with puns. A work of a farcical nature is "The Short Friday." But satire and anecdote are Bialik's chief vehicles of humorous expression. For they are not merely palatable pills which act as antidotes to the overdoses of melancholia, but they teach us, albeit in the sugar coated manner, about the people and the times which produced that unique phenomenon of Hebrew literature, Chaim Nachman Bialik.

[1] Ibid. Page 203.

The Beavers

BY JEROME ROBBINS

(Reprinted from '43 Masmid)

An event which did not receive the recognition it should have in the daily press occurred some time ago in the animal world. I think it only fair to report in detail on this matter which is or is not important depending upon your point of view. . . .

It seems that long ago there was only one type of Beaver—the "Scudges." All worked hard, took only a moment or two off every few hours to rest, and then continued with their duties, building dams, changing the course of rivers, and gnawing down trees foolishly placed in their way by silly men.

Everything went along nicely until a few of them began to see how futile it all was and gradually decided not to work at all. These lazy ones—they were called "Jivs" by the "Scudges"—who got away with as much work as possible, were scorned and disliked by the hard workers. One day, a Scudge got into an argument with a Jiv, and chased him out of the woods. He was a silly Scudge, young and headstrong. When his fellow Scudges criticized him for wasting his time on a lazy Jiv, he said, "I don't understand why we Scudges allow a Jiv to sit around and do nothing while we do all the work. He eats the same as we do, and sleeps in our palatial mud homes, but he doesn't deserve to, I think." The other Scudges, older and wiser, of course laughed at this silly young fellow and his foolish talk. A few more Scudges reported casually, as time passed, that they too had quarreled with Jivs who were insolent and spent their days lying on their backs and getting sunburned.

What follows now I didn't get quite clearly from the one who told me the entire affair, but it seems that somehow the beavers suddenly became convinced that they needed some sort of "system"—they were working aimlessly, they were told, and needed some efficient planning. It came about like this—

It seems that the Jivs, in order to protect their honor, got together and formed a Mutual Aid Society. Then they approached "Scudge I" who had nothing whatever to do because of his elevated position as King of the Beavers. Well, they went to work on him with flattering words, and by good use of their persuasive tongues—you'd never think beavers were such talkers, to look at them—they put a bug into his ear. After careful deliberation, "Scudge I" realized that he needed such an honest, sincere, patriotic group as the Jivs to help him with his laborious work for the betterment of Beaverdom. Why, he needed them for planning out further expansion of the Beaver empire, figuring out the size of dams, the number of trees to be cut down, and scores of other things which no one had even thought of before. Foolish Scudges, to be working aimlessly without definite plans and never coming to him with a plan like this. . . .

Anyway, one morning the Scudges awoke and found that the Jivs were now to be called "Sir Scudge." the name Jiv was outlawed, and the Scudges were to follow out the plans and instructions laid out by all the Sir Scudges, as seen fit by the infinite wisdom of Scudge I.

The Scudges were amazed. They just couldn't realize the benefit to themselves and to the cause of Beaverdom in general of this new system. They couldn't understand at first how much more work would be accomplished now. And somehow, they just couldn't get through their heads an understanding of how much arduous toil the Jivs—er. Sir Scudges—were doing now. Why they were the real leaders of the Beaver Society, their work was more important by far.

However, after grumbling a bit, they began to realize these inescapable truths and settled down to their work as before. Only now they had to report at the end of every day to a Sir Scudge and find out their duties for the next day. How wonderful it was they soon realized—now we're going to accomplish something, no more aimless

working! And at the end of a hard day, they just ate as much as they could hold, and went to sleep.

The Sir Scudges thought up some more wonderful plans as time went on. Why let everyone eat as much as his belly could hold? That's just foolish extravagance. Why not ration to everyone a certain amount of food and save the rest in case of an emergency. "Scudge I" agreed immediately and blessed the sagacity of his clever advisors. So the Scudges were told to bring all the food they found to central headquarters, and there equal portions were given to all, and a large percentage was saved. The foolish Scudges couldn't understand the reasons for this, but since Scudge I ruled it so, they complied, at first reluctantly, later without second thought. After all, it was all for the advancement of Beaverdom. . . .

Lo and Behold! after a few years the system was working smoothly and perfectly. A Scudge was allowed to sleep a certain number of minutes a day, he received a daily allotment of food from a Sir Scudge, he was told where to work and just how much he was expected to do each day. Of course no one said anything—perhaps they were a little inconvenienced, but it was all planned out by Scudge I and his noble assistants. No one dared to complain—why should he?—if everyone else did as he was told without squawking why shouldn't he? Everything was wonderful! The Golden Age of Beaverdom had arrived. The sons of Sir Scudges became Sir Scudges and directed Scudges who were the progeny of other Scudges.

But Time, which has a unique way of passing, did so even in Beaverdom. And something terrible happened. It seems that a young Scudge began to complain under his breath! He was probably a descendant of the Scudge who had just chased a Jiv. And this Scudge had the most naive ideas. He said to all who cared and dared to listen, "Look, we Scudges work and work and work, and sleep and get a bite to eat and then work some more, and then we die. The only recreation we get, it seems to me, is the by-play involved in bringing some more Scudges into the world to work and eat and die. Now I don't mind too much, but why don't the Sir Scudges work the way we do? They eat the food we bring them, but they don't do anything for it." One old Scudge explained to him that on the contrary the Sir Scudges really worked hard—they did all the planning. Besides, it had been like this for as far back as he could remember. so why should they complain now? The young fellow just couldn't see the wisdom and philosophy to be found in these words and continued to complain. One day a Sir Scudge heard him. The next day this foolish one was assigned to no work, and at the end of the day was given no food (very simple—no work, no food). After a few days he was forced to leave Beaverville and go farther up the river, for having such dangerous and foolish ideas and for criticizing the system.

The other Scudges, though, felt vaguely that somehow, something was wrong. No one said anything, of course, but the crazy ideas they had heard expressed by the banished one remained with them. Somehow, they reasoned, everything must be O.K. Things have been going on like this for years and years, which naturally proves it's the best way. Still, we seem to be doing more than the Sir Scudges. And what the Devil! If a Sir Scudge decided that he didn't like one of us he would just not assign us work, and then no food! That can't be right. can it? These thoughts were tossed back and forth in the little beaver brains, and finally like a disease they all caught it and came down with the complaining sickness. They even had the nerve to say things out loud!

Anyway, they finally decided to complain to Scudge I. He, of course. was angry at them—why, the progress of all Beaverville lay in the hands of the Sir Scudges and here the ungrateful Scudges couldn't get it through their hairy heads that all they had they owed to the Sir Scudges. They beat an awkward and hasty retreat—after all. they didn't really have a decent argument, did they?

One day, another young fellow who got up at a meeting—it's funny—the old beavers are usually content with the way things are run—after all. this is the way that things always have been run. so why look for something else? This argument is of course iron-clad and irrefutable. But the young silly ones with none of that mys-

terious virtue known as "experience" always try to change things, really a nasty habit. Well, anyway, this inexperienced one arose and said words to this effect—these words were never really recorded, the way sensible speeches are—I just heard it from someone who heard it from someone else. Well, he said:

"Look brother Scudges. As things stand now, we are being ungrateful to the Sir Scudges, for their wonderful efficiency in planning out our work and carefully dividing the food and making other progressive laws. It's perfectly right for them to stop giving us food if we complain about the way things are being run. But look! It seems to me that if many of us complained, many of us wouldn't eat. It all depends on the way the Sir Scudges feel toward us, and we are really in their power! Now I have a question." Here he took a deep breath before continuing. "Why must there be Sir Scudges?" Here there was deep laughter in the audience—of course, there had always been Sir Scudges, so there always would be! "Is it because they make all the plans for us? Well, then, why couldn't we, the Scudges, make the plans? If we do the work, why can't we also make the plans, and have everyone work equally, so that no one would have to fear that his work would be taken away from him and he'd starve? Is it fair that most of us have to depend on a small group of Sir Scudges and if we displease them we're sent up the creek? (This incidentally may be the origin of the picturesque expression used by another crowd of animals.) Why," he continued after another pause to let some of this sink in, "don't we all have an equal share in the planning, all have an equal share in the work, and all have an equal share in the food? Why not?"

It seems that this young fellow had a pretty convincing manner and knew how to sway an audience. We, of course, see how ridiculous his audacious and naive theories were, but everyone of those beavers—even the old ones, who should have known better, got up on their hind legs and cheered him till they were hoarse. . . .

The very next day, the Scudges just got up and drove out of Beaverville every single one of the Sir Scudges, and went to work following the advice of the young orator, who became their leader.

Well, anyhow, that's the end of the story of the beavers. They had fallen for a persuasive speaker and probably already repent it. Things like this could of course only happen to a sub-human species of animal with less brains than the Good Lord provided us fortunate human beings.

Silly Beavers. . . .

Revissa

by Bernard Dov Milians

(*Reprinted from* '33 *Masmid*)

I.

Death knocked one evening as you lay asleep
And called to you to follow silently;
I did not hear the sombre angel sweep
Away, with you, our joyful harmony.
I heard the scream which I had heard before,
It deafened me—I shuddered and I shrank—
Was it imagination and no more
That froze my soul and left my mind a blank?

How well I saw your bitter waxen smile,
The glassy stare that peered beyond the sky,
I cried: O mother, yet remain a while,
Much rather fate had willed that I should die!
Now you are gone, but still you shed a light
That luminates the sadness of the night.

II.

Forgive me, mother, if in sad lament
I should disturb your everlasting peace;
A stubborn destiny will not relent,
And with grim smile it sees my woe increase.
O tell me, from your macrocosmic world
How can I best avoid the precipice
Whence, through the ages, millions have been hurled
By fate's command and Cupid's artifice?

I square my shoulders, I am not afraid,
One moment I would dare to face a king,
The next my head is bowed, I am dismayed
And cry that death should leave its poisoned sting.
But oftentimes, although my head is bowed,
My rebel soul stands firm and is not cowed.

III.

The moon and stars were shielded by a cloud
And groaning night-winds chilled the dismal air.
The dreamer stood alone and wept, aloud—
He wept—and of the world was unaware.
Then suddenly he recognized a sound,
A muffled whisper scarcely audible,
That grew as it approached, until it drowned
The noisy wind that seemed implacable.

A flash of lightning cut the sky in two
With roaring, rumbling thunder in its wake
The heavens cried, their tears were blown askew,
And mother Earth herself began to quake.
The dreamer heard—and sighing, bent his head,—
"*You must accept!*" was counselled by the dead.

The Political and Social Philosophy of MAIMONIDES

BY DAVID W. PETEGORSKY

(*Reprinted from* '34 *Masmid*)

The year 1935 will witness the 800th anniversary of the birth of Maimonides. Exercising as he did such a profound influence on Judaism and Jewish thought, it is but to be expected that the Jewish world will ring with his praise. Countless tributes will be paid to his genius—and rightfully so, for religion, philosophy, science, logic, and law—all flowed with equal facility from the pen of this most versatile thinker. No realm of human endeavor was left unexplored by his penetrating mind. Those who have attempted to elucidate his doctrines have been legion. Yet, strange to relate, none have seen fit to develop that significant aspect of his thought, his system of political philosophy.

The attribution to Maimonides of a comprehensive Staats-philosophie demands explanation. For, unlike his famous contemporary Aquinas, he left no individual treatise on political science. Neither was he a social reformer intent on eradicating the roots of the existing system and substituting in its stead an order which he advocated. Maimonides was primarily the interpreter of Judaism in all its aspects. G—d had revealed to His People a system of laws whose entirety embodies the Divine scheme of life. Many of His precepts seemed incomprehensible and irrational to those who had tasted of the forbidden fruits of philosophy. But the human mind, insisted Maimonides, is a spark of the Divine Intellect, and man can comprehend in his finite manner the workings of the Infinite. "The Law is not entirely foreign to Nature," and just as we are able through the principles of philosophy to achieve a rational conception of natural phenomena, so too can we attain some sort of understanding of the Divine commands. It was to this Herculean task of reconstructing from the body of the Law revealed to Moses its underlying philosophy, and of rendering in this fashion the complexities of the Torah intelligible to thinking man and compatible with Reason, that Maimonides devoted himself. In his interpretation of the laws pertaining to social organization and economic practices as an integral factor in the Jewish system of life, his views on political theory find expression. His rules regulating political and economic institutions may be but a codification of the principles as revealed in the Pentateuch. preached by the Prophets. and applied in the Talmud. Nevertheless, his explanation of their Biblical context. his decisions in cases of Talmudic disagreement as to their practical realization, and his personal comments, impart to the whole a flavor peculiarly Maimonidean.

Any attempt at an understanding of Maimonides must be preceded by the realization that his fundamental philosophical assumptions were those of Aristotle. The tenor of philosophical thought of the 12th Century was predominantly Aristotelian. Aristotle's teachings had thoroughly permeated Maimonides' thought and its influence on the shaping of his doctrines was profound. It was the foundation on which Maimonides erected his philosophical structure. And if Maimonides strove to make religion compatible with reason, it was with the tenets of Aristotle that he attempted to effect its conciliation.

Following the path blazed by the Stagyrite, Maimonides declares that everything that exists in the world is an harmonious blend of matter and form. Maimonides. in true Aristotelian tradition, is neither a crass materialist nor a flighty idealist. The world is neither a collocation of atoms nor a bodiless conglomeration of ideas. The universe is a fusion of both. Matter or physical properties, and form, the essence of

things, unite in the formation of particular objects. To illustrate, a rose has for its matter a mass of chemical constituents. Its form is that which transforms this amorphous mass of atoms into a meaningful and intelligible substance and which renders it distinct from other objects. The form of a thing is its essence, that which imparts to it meaning and individuality. To quote Dr. Santayana, "the aroma of a rose is the soul of the rose." In the world of particular objects no matter can exist without form. Neither can form be independent of matter. For a specific thing to be intelligible it must possess both. The entire world of particulars is in a constant flux of development, evolving from the simple to the more complex, from potential to actual, as everything strives to achieve its pure form. Pure form, the highest degree of excellence which a thing can attain, is the goal towards which all natural objects are evolving.

Man is no different from any other natural organism. He, too, exists by virtue of the coalescence within him of matter and form, the matter—his physical embodiment, the form—his soul. But that particular faculty which tenders man superior to all other forms of Creation is the rational. Unlike other species, man is endowed with the capability of rational thought. He is able to acquire vast stores of knowledge. He possesses a moral sense which enables him to differentiate between right and wrong. Man's true form, therefore, consists in this property of intellectual perception. And just as the ultimate end of everything lies in the consummation of its form, so too should all efforts of man converge on one goal—the utmost development of his intellect. The highest purpose of the Law lies in this perfection of man's rational faculty, the glorification of the intellect.

Man is to scale the heights of intellectual achievement by learning Eternal Truths. He is to be taught "the knowledge of the things in existence that a person perfectly developed is capable of knowing." "The Existence, the Unity, the Omniscience, the Omnipotence, the Will, and the Eternity of G—d" are to be the factors nurturing him to nooscopic maturity.

But the evolution of form is always dependent on changes in matter. The mind cannot exist somewhere in the ethereal realms of the Universe. It is inseverably bound to and encompassed by the limitations of the flesh. Hence any attempt at the improvement of the intellect—man's form—must be preceded by the betterment of his physical condition. Like a tiny boat on the ocean, the mind and spirit are tossed about with reckless abandon by the tempestuous billows of emotion and bodily passion. If man is to be favorably disposed to the reception of Truth he must be happy and contented. He must conquer his lusts and desires. As a result, though the teaching of G—d's attributes is the ultimate aim of the Torah, the establishment of material well-being and physical self-control must receive prior consideration.

Man's material happiness is attained by the satisfaction of his bodily needs. It is when the problem of securing subsistence and material comfort becomes of paramount importance that the mind is no longer receptive to the tenets of Faith. To render the intellect capable of absorbing these Eternal principles, man must be assured his food, shelter and other natural requisites. "But one man alone cannot procure all this." "For man is very self-sufficient. It would be necessary for him to learn the art of ploughing, of threshing, of weaving, etc., etc. But even the lifetime of a Methuselah would not suffice for the learning of all this." Man, avers Maimonides in consonance with Aristotle's famous dictum, is of an inherently social nature. Life in society is the very breath of existence. Without it, man perishes miserably. With it, he can achieve the well-being and economic sufficiency without which our dreams of spiritual development must flounder in miry myth. Society is therefore created to render possible man's physical synthesis by providing him with his material wants.

But no mere herding of individuals into social units will solve man's economic difficulties. The natural tendency of all human beings to enforce the dictates of their own egos will inevitably result in the clash of ambitions. The simple must give way before the crafty. The weak will be ground under the heel of the more powerful. The utter absence of ethical standards paves the way for the entrance into the midst of society of cruelty, domination, and injustice. Were the Law's efforts in the direction

of physical well-being to cease with the aggregating of men into communities, it would increase man's misery rather than effect his security.

The crying need of some regulatory agency to supervise society is therefore apparent. It is this role that the Maimonidean state is to enact in the drama of the Divine scheme of life. The State exists and functions to secure for man material happiness by establishing order in society. It operates as the tool of the Law to lay the groundwork for man's spiritual perfection by guaranteeing him economic security. By instituting and enforcing that economic organization and legislation posited in the Torah, every Jew is assured of subsistence and physical comfort. This surety of material sufficiency coupled with the enactment of laws rendering impossible the accumulation of wealth will prevent over-exaggeration of the economic motive. No race for commercial primacy such as that which led to the degeneration and crass materialism of other nations will feature the ideal Jewish society.

But the formation of society itself is an insufficient guarantee of security. Unless there exists a basic code of ethics and a standard of moral values to which all adhere, society will be plunged into strife and chaos. It is imperative that the relationships between individuals be so adjusted as to permit the entire populace to live in peace and harmony. This is realized by the teaching of such ethical values as will be most conducive to the peace and welfare of the community. The State has already achieved for man, economic security. The code of morals which it has established has enabled man to attain a high degree of moral perfection and social well-being. Man, who need no longer make economic concern his chief pursuit, who need no longer fear and distrust his fellow-man, finds himself free to center his efforts on his intellectual and spiritual development. The State to Maimonides is no hedonistic end in itself; it is a means to a more noble goal. The purpose of the State is to lay the groundwork upon which man can rear the superstructure of rational and religious perfection.

The State is therefore obligated, as we have seen, to provide each of its members at least a minimum of physical happiness and to establish among its residents mutually beneficial relationships. It is to discharge this responsibility by erecting the economic structure preached by the Torah and by instilling in the people a love for the ethical principles postulated in the Law.

It is important to note that this onus of providing material happiness falls not only on the shoulders of the State but on the subordinate units of society as well. This is best illustrated by the fact that after the original conquest of Palestine, the distribution of land to each Jew devolved on the various tribes, and in Talmudic laws such as that requiring the head of each household to educate his children and to instruct them in a trade.

It is interesting to observe that the historical evolution of the Jewish polity had been from the family through the tribe to the National State. The expansion of the major governmental unit occurred each time simultaneously with the failure of the prevailing organization to secure protection and economic well-being. As long as the Jews were a pastoral people the family proved sufficient to cope with the difficulties of life. When, with the Exodus from Egypt, the need of concerted action and of protection against the ravages of enemy bands arose, the tribe became the paramount social group. The settling of the Jews in Palestine so increased the complexities of communal life that the tribe could no longer administer the business of government; and the establishment of a national body-politic became a vital necessity.

Based as it is on the Divine Commandments, the Maimonidean State is essentially a theocracy for it represents that system of state organization and government in which G—d is the centrality and the acknowledged ruler in whose name authority is recognized.

It must be realized that for Maimonides no conflict between Church and State such as that predominant in the Christian world could exist. The struggle for power between these two groups, long a tremendous force in the molding of history, has always been occasioned by the attempt of one to dominate the other. In medieval Europe, the Church, though rightfully having dominion only over ecclesiastical mat-

ters, was convinced that the needs of the soul, to which it ministered, were of far vaster importance than concerns of the body, and attempted to clothe itself in the garb of temporal authority. Our modern day has witnessed many presumptions on the part of the State who, feeling that spiritual regards have been relegated to the background, has sought to extend its sphere of dominance into the religious life of its inhabitants. But to Maimonides, State and Church in the narrower connotations of these terms did not exist. There could be no basis for conflict over the question of priority for every aspect of Judaism—economic, religious, and moral—is an equally important and integral factor in the Divine system of life. Judaism is a totality, a system of life, an harmonious blending of all aspects of man's personality. Each streamlet contributes to swell the river of life as it flows majestically onwards.

Man is the pinnacle of Creation. He is composed of a multiplicity of complex elements. As a result, the variety of individuals among the human species is tremendous, for the element of chance and accident has a very great sphere for its operation. In any society we are certain to find the widest extremes in character and human nature. "But the well-being of society demands that there be a leader able to regulate the actions of man; he must complete every shortcoming, remove every excess and prescribe for the conduct of all so that the natural variety should be counter-balanced by the uniformity of legislation and the order of society be well established." The existence of society is essential for the attainment by each individual of his perfect form—the perfection of his intellect; and without the leadership of one gifted with this faculty of government, the machinery of society cannot function smoothly. "Some persons therefore possess the power of enforcing the dictates of lawgivers and of compelling people to obey them and to act accordingly. Such are kings." The civil jurisdiction of the State is therefore to be entrusted to a monarch. At various epochs of Jewish history this ruler bore the title of Nasi, Shofet, or King. The kingship is to be hereditary, the royal family is the House of David. Nevertheless, the failure of the lineal descendant of David to execute his duties wisely and justly constitutes good cause for the selection of another king in his stead. The appointment of a king comprises one of the functions of the Sanhederin of Seventy-one.

Alongside of the king is the High Priest in control of the ecclesiastical establishment. The religious life of the nation is to be directed by the Priests and the Levites. Both are to dedicate their lives to the service of G—d. Strikingly reminiscent of the philosophers and auxiliaries of Plato's "Republic," they are to live under a system of strict communism of landed property deriving their sustenance from the tithes of their communities.

Judicial authority is vested in a number of courts, supreme among which is the Sanhederin of Seventy-one to be established in Jerusalem. Two inferior courts, each to be composed of twenty-three members, complete the national judiciary.

It is beyond the scope and purpose of this thesis to enter into any comprehensive discussion of the organization and duties of the civil, ecclesiastical, and judicial branches of the government, all of this being explained in meticulous detail by Maimonides in his "Mishne Torah."

Though it is not our intention to treat at length the economic policy of the Maimonidean State, several factors must be noted.

Private property is the inalienable right of each individual. Every Jew received a parcel of land after the first entry into Palestine. Similarly, the return of the Jews to their national homeland will be marked by this equitable division of the soil. The Divine laws pertaining to property are to be enforced. ensuring each family the perpetual ownership of land. Through the enactment of the Jubilee Year whereby all land acquired during the preceding fifty years is to revert to its former owners, anyone forced through adverse circumstances to sell or to transfer his estate will eventually regain it. Too, anyone selling his property exercises an option on its repurchase. The importance of this feature of the Jewish state cannot be overemphasized. For, as the preponderant majority of the people both at the time of the promulgation of the doctrines of the Torah as well as in the age of Maimonides were engaged in agriculture,

it was essential that each household possess landed inheritance, thus assuring itself of the primary requisites of life. Its significance should not be lost on us even to-day in our own highly industrialized civilization for the backbone of any nation must continue to be its agrarian populace.

Through the reversion of all property in the fiftieth year to original owners, the prohibition of usury, and the limitation of the legal rate of profit to one-sixth, accumulation of wealth is rendered practically impossible. Economic exploitation is reduced to a minimum. That destroyer of peace and culture, the struggle for economic supremacy, is hounded out of our midst.

While countless volumes of commentary have been written in explanation of every other phase of Maimonides' thought, scholars have been conspicuously silent on his doctrine of political philosophy. Centuries before Maimonides' birth the Jews had been exiled from their homeland. Problems of national organization and political science were alien to the Jewish mind. On those aspects of Judaism which played the most important role in Jewish life, such as religion and law, Maimonides' works became a second Bible. His political philosophy, being a negligible entity in Jewish consideration, was relegated to the limbo of oblivion. It has remained even to our day enshrouded in darkness and ignorance.

The increasing interest being manifested everywhere in the political and national life of the Jewish people makes this subject a most vital one. With the establishment of a national state instituted along traditional Jewish lines in Palestine no longer the fantastic dream of a prophetic idealist but converging steadily on reality, the importance of discovering and clarifying Maimonides' views on the State and its functions cannot be overemphasized.

Tree of Knowledge

"How pleasant is this tree to human sight!
Be not diffident to eat therefrom.
Why keep its gifts in esoteric light?
And you, a creature above the dumb.
Quail not—partake of its ambrosial fruit;
Let not your brain in delitescence be,
For whoso surfeits his felicity,
Does hardly rise above the bestial brute.
'Tween right and wrong shall he that eats discern;
Knowledge both revealed and latent learn,
Fear not—forsooth you shall not die,
But gain possessions that no wealth can buy."
Thus spake th' inveigling serpent with his wiles,
And caused to perpetrate the pristine sin,
Which has not been condoned by many trials,
And ne'er from Nemesis will freedom win.
Yet Paradise is not beyond retrieve,
Although without its fields of ecstasy;
How manifold thy fruits, forbidden tree!
Did Adam such beatitude conceive?

BY LOUIS MINTZ

(Reprinted from '38 Masmid)

Silence

by Elias Levi

(Reprinted from '35 Masmid)

The home of the Marks family was renowned within "knowing distance" as the receptacle of that abstract substance called Silence—that deep incomparable stillness which reigns supreme in graveyards, when the wind is absent and the slumbering foliage has ceased its rustling. Here lived and moved two phantom-like figures—a father and an only son—who flitted noiselessly about the rooms, strictly avoiding conversation, each living in the limitless, unexplored region of his own thoughts and bearing his own burdens. David Marks, the master of the household (though the only other inmate was his son), sat invariably at the head of the table, with the ponderous volume of the Talmud before him, meditating upon its text (for he always assiduously studied in silence), and occasionally pulling out a stained grimy cloth (a sort of handkerchief) from the pocket of his long coat, to wipe his perspiring forehead. He was a tall, strong man in his early sixties, with a closely-cropped grey beard, and bore his age astonishingly well. As though bound by a terrible oath which could never be expunged, David dreaded to disturb this heavy, brooding stillness; for his long years of tailoring, from which he had retired with a tidy sum invested for the proverbial rainy day, had taught him—if nothing else—to sit speechless and motionless like the statue of Buddha, gazing blankly into space.

What a profound change everything had undergone since he had lost his "jewel"—the companion of his earthly pilgrimage. The Reaper had gathered her into His harvest while she was yet in the prime of life. But David was not without his consolation, for she had left him with an only son Nathaniel, "the gift of the Lord," who was then five years old. A time there was when faithful Ruth, his wife—peace be upon her soul in the abode of the blessed—supplied the tangible link between him and the child who was the delight of his eyes. A meek, timid woman she was, of stunted physique and intellect, whose comprehension of things was very limited, but who, splendid little woman, could not harm a fly even if she wanted to. Ruth lived in total dissociation from all intellectual effort, for her mental activity was hindered by gross physical actualities. Bound to a purely domestic routine, she could claim only a few minor accomplishments, but for fully fifteen years she had been his trusty partner in life, the confidante of his joys, hopes, and dreams, the soother of his great sorrows; and he had not found her wanting. "A woman of superlative goodness," he boasted of her. She was a shining epitome of that class of womanhood which gives itself up ungrudgingly in absolute devotion to its menfolk; she nursed him in his illness and busied herself sensibly with all those details of comfort for his sake, which reflected her tender feelings towards him, and her homely manners and methods always met with his approval and praise. When she had completed her household duties she would sit opposite him—who was steeped in the delights and rigorous discipline of the Talmud—and dread to attempt any trifling conversation, lest she thereby commit the grievous sin of "Bittul Torah" and consequenetly bring upon herself the perdition of her soul both in this present world and in the future existence. Instead she would sit silent, and allow her mind to wander aimlessly, now and again admiring the dark, meditative eyes of her husband, his broad and intellectual brow: her patient and long-suffering face would shine with delight, and a benevolent smile ever played at the corners of her thin-lipped, ashen-white mouth. In the spiritual realm especially, Ruth allowed herself to be shepherded by her husband. She had a fixed notion that her husband's scriptural studies would provide a passport to Heaven, where they would be elevated to the status of sitting on golden thrones, with crowns on their heads, along with the other righteous.

But alas, Ruth's constant, excruciating rheumatic pains never left her: they

ravaged figure and face. She shrank and shrivelled up before her time. For countless, dreary weeks she lay on her bed—her countenance expressing suffering—like a pregnant woman convulsed with the pangs of child-birth—until the Angel of Death fluttered his wings over her bedchamber and her spirit vanished to the Yeshiva Shel Ma'la. And with the passing of Ruth a portentous silence came and settled down in her place, that seemed to take on a mysterious Promethean figure, towering above father and son and ready to smite them down if they articulated but a single word.

Nathaniel, the son, deprived of feminine care and concern from early childhood (for his mother died before he was capable of retaining any reminiscences of her), was left alone with his tragic thoughts, and as a consequence of his loneliness grew up to be a shy and sensitive youth. The house seemed to impress his mind with its haunting unhappiness. He felt his mouth gagged by the hands of a strong and powerful presence as soon as he crossed its threshold, and as though to relieve himself from this heavy, oppressive atmosphere, he was seldom at home. It was rumored that he consoled himself with amorous adventures, and his father was disturbed and agitated by the close secrecy with which he succeeded in shrouding his movements. An impassible barrier seemed to separate father and son. As immiscible as oil and water, so David and Nathaniel could not learn to appreciate and understand each other; for the perceptions of maturity are often restricted and sapless, but "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Thus these two, so near each other by reason of their affinity of blood, were yet so distant from each other in their thoughts and deeds, living in complete detachment from each other. But as Nathaniel would pass by his father to go to his vocation (he was a teacher in the unpretentious local school) the fond father would be transported to the seventh heaven of bliss, for he joyfully anticipated the day when this blossom of his happy married life—the pale, slight, keen-featured youth of twenty-two—would marry, which, pray God, would not be remote. Thus of late there was an irrepressible, secret joy within his breast, and a perceptible litheness in his footsteps, and slowly and steadily he would build his airy castle in the course of his day-dreams. But one day his whole spurious edifice suddenly fell to bits, and he found himself in the nadir of disappointment, for Nathaniel had passed the door and—Lord have mercy—had failed to kiss the Mezuzah on the door post. All his best hopes had dissolved into nothingness, had vanished like an iridescent soap-bubble, for it was a step further to a bleak realization of the fact that his son treated with utter disregard the customs and ceremonies that are the raison d'etre of every Jew. So David fasted and prayed for his son's sin of omission, and, sad and stricken, beat a retreat from the elusive happiness of the doubtful future and gave himself up in philosophical resignation to his books. But Nathaniel was in the dark about the whole affair.

The mighty dreamer, Nathaniel Marks, lovelorn and misunderstood, sat in the first-class, fawn-coloured compartment of the train. Beside him was a slender, attractive gentile maiden, displaying her pertly pretty face and slim legs. There were no other occupants in the compartment. Presently amid the hustle and roaring noise of a railway station the heavy door was slammed, and the train snorted away, and as it clanked and rumbled along it seemed to say goodbye to the past: the town and all his friends and acquaintances: his father whom he had disillusioned in his sunset days.

Suddenly he shivered and turned chilly and thought of home and safety. His heart went out to his aged father, who seemed to symbolize everything that he had left behind. It made him sad and sick. Copious tears poured down his cheeks, and he clenched his hands over his chest as though about to lacerate it, so vehemently bitter was the train of thoughts that entered his soul.

At last, however, he submitted philosophically to the force of circumstances that had compelled him to take such a step. Love was indestructible; it acknowledged neither racial nor religious boundary lines. The confidence of his comrade was infectious. His heart warmed towards her; he straightened his back and inwardly resolved to do her credit. She gave him one of those fascinating smiles of hers, when every one of her teeth shone like an oriental beryl. Fortified by it, he discarded the burden of his heart-searchings. It gave him just that pleasant sense of security of which he was in

dire need: he gasped with relief. His emotional mood overwhelmed him, and he glorified in the idea of his supreme sacrifice for the kindred soul by his side, for Nathaniel had an instinct for getting the full flavour of an experience.

Once more he gazed in rapt wonder and admiration at the imposing beauty of her countenance; once more he heard her exuberant voice and he was again obliged to pay attention to her. He lost consciousness of everything but the girl alongside of him. She symbolized the quintessence of what his victory meant to him. With her, Life would be vested with new meaning, clothed with new magnificence, and crowned with new majesty. At that moment he felt big; he utterly despised the whole world. Everything was behind, but the glorious future was in front.

In aggrieved seclusion, David Marks sat as usual at the head of the table. His eyes gazed down upon the holy volume open before him, but today they could not continue their roving quest after the great truths of the Word. To-day for the first time in his life, he could not concentrate upon the text, for everything was blurred and indistinct to his eyes. The whole world seemed to revolve in a demoniac dance around him. His soul was sour, his heart bleak, his mind bitter, his eyes leaden. How he had aged since the calamitous days of his son's desertion! His shoulders drooped, crushed beneath the burden of his sorrows. His crisp hair had lost its colour—a sure sign of worry. The blue, velvet skull-cap that crowned his head accentuated the distressing paleness of his complexion. The deadly white face, haggard and seamed and lined, registered the boundless sorrow which he was undergoing. He could not but think with affectionate regret for the departed transgressor. It was the greatest tragedy in his life; in losing his son he had lost everything near and dear to him and he felt as if he had left everything a great distance behind. The last link with the physical world had snapped like a thin thread, and in vain he tried to dislocate his mind from terrestrial affairs, finally attempting to console his sense of failure and unhappiness by turning to that ideal companion of every Jew in every affliction—the consoling Word of God.

David felt his whole flesh burning within him: every fiber of his whole physical being quivered from the shock. For many long minutes he sat rigid and motionless as Death. With difficulty, he tried to reconstruct his life from those very remote beginnings: how abject, inglorious, and squalid seemed the closing chapter of his life. He wanted to pierce the air with his anguished cries, but suddenly a cold tremour ran through his veins: the stony stillness of the atmosphere seemed to take on some tangible shape like the furniture and walls of the room. It seemed to expand and take the form of a hooded giant with clumsy expostulating arms. David felt the evil presence of this important, mysterious being and bowed his head in fear and shame.

And as a Master governs his Slave with absolute sway, so did this Olympian-like Silence bind his cruel iron fetters around this humble, quiet man and claim him as his victim.

MAS

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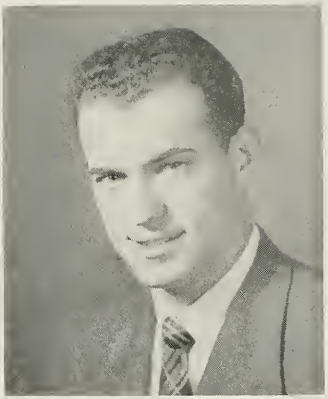

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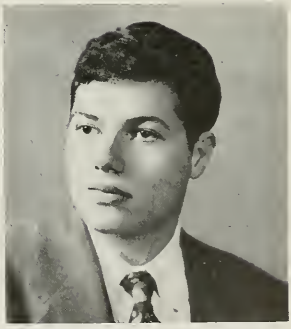

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"Impulse" in Browning and in Jewish Thought

BY MAURICE LAMM

"Impulse," as found in several of Robert Browning's poems, particularly "The Statue and the Bust" and "Youth and Art," can best be understood as compared with "Impulse" according to another philosophy. Judaic literature can well supply this necessary comparison.

"Impulse" is a vague description of a spontaneous explosion of desire. A comparison of the sort undertaken in this paper cannot proceed without first carefully understanding the complications and then narrowing the discussion, or broadening it as the case may be. In the poems by Browning in which the problem is treated (this spontaneous explosion of desire, as I have called it), the situation is such that it is open to moral or ethical scruples. If we were to broaden our limits to include all impulse, including those which obviously have nothing to do with classical Jewish religious thought, we shall have very little indeed to say about the matter. On the other hand, if we narrow and restrict ourselves to the problem of impulses which can be labeled morally, one way or the other, we shall have embarked upon a great adventure into religious thought, upon the problem of Good and Evil, whether impulsive or not. We shall choose the latter and make the best of it. The impulse to love, basically involving moral decisions, is the meeting point between the Browningesque and the Jewish philosophy of Impulse.

Browning, in moments of high flight into poetic fancy, believes that the Impulse should always be followed without regard to immediate outcome.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

Impulse and contention form the "striving" in which Browning harps on in many of his poems. In his powerfully imaginative and irrational treatment of Impulse, the poet disregards all other elements of existence. Neither physical, financial, psychological nor spiritual values are considered in the immediate outcome—as contrasted with the far-reaching effects. It is the Impulse first and last, always the Impulse. Once the idol has been erected, its dominion is absolute and all-inclusive. The fact is, of course, that this is the very nature of Impulse; it seeks a blitzkrieg conquest of the frail human, and, before the victim has realized what has happened, Impulse is demanding squatter's rights. Browning simply adds, "More power to the tyrant." In all fairness to the poet, however, it should be stated that in advocating the supreme reign of Impulse, he seeks the best for humanity, or better, for the individual. Had Impulse been given the right of way in "The Statue and the Bust," both the Duke and his love would have lived happily ever after. This Browning calls "a divine end." No thought was given, however, to the fact that the girl was a married woman. The moral and ethical values are subdued, and in Browning's existential anarchy Impulse itself determines all.

All religions, when faced with this problem, superimpose an ethical frame upon the raw Impulse. If this drive aims for Good, more power to it. The Evil Impulse, if such a thing dares arise, must be crushed mercilessly. But does this Evil have its roots in reality? What is its relation to the Good Impulse? Here Judaism, in its development in different schools, has something to offer. The elements which must be covered in any intelligent discussion of this sort are: the source and reality of the Evil Impulse, the reality of the good, the relation between the two, and the treatment of the Evil.

1. *The source of Evil and its Reality.*

The problem of how Evil can exist in the dominion of the All-Good Creator is a

serious disturbance to the true religious consciousness. Homo religiosus, geared to the realm of the Good, feels disinclined to vouch for the reality of the Evil.

The gentile world has evolved two views, mutually exclusive, which may be termed the one "optimistic" and the other "pessimistic." The Neo-Platonic, or optimistic, school was perplexed concerning how base matter could have been created from the pure spirit, G—d. Their solution was a masterpiece of spiritual architecture, which was the framework for their spiritual evolution in reverse. Creation was conceived as Emanations beginning from the highest of spiritual sources, G—d. Each successive emanation, or "world" was less spiritual and more material. Thus there was more contamination in each additional "world." Our present world is a result of ten previously evolved emanations. This dynamic hierarchy of emanations solves our problem of the reality of Evil. The original emanation created by G—d was all Good. Evil, then, is a negation of existence which is essentially Good. Evil is not another rung in the spiritual ladder, but simply a "not-is." This theory of the All-Good character of the highest spiritual entity is necessarily an optimistic viewpoint.

The dualism of the Gnostics is the part and parcels of the pessimistic school. The Gnostics saw Evil not as a negative entity, but rather as a very real, formidable power in direct opposition to the Good. The Demiurge was creator of the Evil, and was prime antagonist to Man, who was created to do Good. Man's duty was to liberate himself from the enslaving Evil. This dualism gave reality to both Good and Evil.

The monotheistic conception of Traditional Judaism is diametrically opposed to the Gnostic dualism. At the same time it cannot fully accept the solution offered by the Neo-Platonists. Judaism recognizes the reality of the Evil Impulse, but it denies the auto-genetic element, claiming rather that Evil, as well as Good, was created by G—d. Evil was made for the purpose of the realization of the Good. The power to Evil must be sublimated and harnessed to achieve a more divine Good. Within Man there exist two tendencies which, when sharpened to a point by circumstances and inherent constitution, become two impulses—good and bad.

The approach of the Kabbalah to this problem has still not been successfully unravelled. The Gnostic view was rejected outright by the Kabbalist Rabbi Ezriel of Gerona ("Mishnat Hazoar" by Lachover and Tishbi, p. 298) and some tendencies to the Neo-Platonist solution can be detected (ibid.); however, the fact that the Kabbalah did consider, to some extent, the reality of Evil, can be seen from the fact that Evil was supposed to have its origin in one of the Sephirot.

Hassidism, while maintaining the traditional attitude towards Evil, is yet the closest to the Gnostic view. While it does not admit the outright dualism and independence of Evil preached by the Gnostics, it does find the root of Evil in G—d. Because most of Hassidic thought has been transmitted by word of mouth, it is difficult to tell how it would resolve the obvious logical difficulties presented by such a doctrine.

Let us now return to the problem of Browning and his Impulse. If we are to insist on the Neo-Platonic thesis, "following the evil impulse" becomes a perfectly nonsensical phrase. It would be analogous to advising people to follow the trail of not-lions and shoot them with not-guns to save the pretty not-girl from their terrible not-claws. All this is, of course, nonsense. The poet is evidently very serious in the advice he gives, and he earnestly believes in the reality and sanity of his preachings. A Neo-Platonist, like Maimonides, on this point, would therefore not understand the words of Browning, while they would be comprehensible, if not acceptable, to the Traditionalist or Hassid. The Impulse, even if it be towards Evil, is something real and concrete and must be dealt with. Of course this does not mean that Hassidism advises doing the Evil.

2. *The Reality of the Impulse Towards the Good.*

Not many words need be used in expounding the positive attitude by all branches of Judaism to the reality of the impulse to do Good. Without the foundation of Good all religion would vanish. This idea is precisely summed up by M. Lazrus in his "Principles of Jewish Ethics." P. 150. The impulse to do Good has its source in the

all-Good and is the sine qua non of the Jewish code of Ethics. Its reality is of the highest order, and it must therefore be dealt with most seriously.

3. *The Relation Between Good and Evil; A Common Source.*

When Browning speaks of Impulse, he does not recognize a dual source for this phenomenon. He does not know of one type of impulse coming from the good side of Man and the other from the darker side. Impulse, if it is to be treated as Browning would treat it, must be conceived as coming from a single source in the recesses of the human psyche. Clearly, then, if we are to compare Browning's beliefs on the subject to those of Judaism, we must find some support, in Jewish sources, for our thesis that all impulses, whether good or bad, have a common origin.

Such support can indeed be found. The idea found its culmination in Hassidism, in the discredited sectarianism of the false Messiah Sabbatai Zevi, and in the writings of Maimonides.

Maimonides, in his "Peirush Ha'Misthnayot," Abot V.7, offers a philosophic definition of the Hebrew word "Hessed." "Any excess or sudden overflowing is called 'Hessed', whether it is good or bad." Rabbi Yaakov Emden, in his "Hagahot Mahariyavetz" on the Talmud, notes a source for "hessed" as referring to an overflowing for evil. He refers to Leviticus, XX 17: "And if a man shall take his sister, his father's daughter, or his mother's daughter, and see her nakedness, and she sees his nakedness: it is 'Hessed'; and they shall be cut off, etc." Here the Bible speaks of a sudden overflow of personality, in the form of passion for an evil deed, and this is called "Hessed." Whereas this is a single use of the word to denote "hessed" for evil, there are innumerable examples where it is used to denote the urge for good. We are inclined to translate "hessed" as "impulse."

The Jewish belief, then, if we accept what was written in the last paragraph, considers the urges for good and evil as coming from one source, the pouring out, as it were, of the personality in one great and overwhelming pulsation which may find its expression in either Good or Evil. It is tempting to draw the psychoanalytic analogy and identify this primary impulse with Freud's libido.

"Unless we turn, as a soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?"

These words of Browning must not be taken literally. "Divine" obviously means something other, in the context in which it appears in the poem, than what is usually understood by that word. By all standards "divine" has something to do with a moral order; adultery is its very negation. The poet obviously means the good of those individuals concerned, and not their ethical or moral good, but their very personal good.

Browning, then, attributes an absolute goodness to the primary impulse which has yet been unchanneled. Follow it, he tells us, and the best will come. It is doubtful if Browning is a proponent of ethical nihilism: it seems most reasonable that he would reject, with religion, the impulse which has already been channeled to evil ends and which has proved itself to be of no good. The major difference between Browning's and the Jewish outlook is that Browning preaches the worship of the primary, or unchanneled, impulse, whereas Judaism demands that the impulse first prove itself to be ethically or morally beneficial before embracing it. Browning seems to be more of a gambler,

"—Oh, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view!"

and, as is obvious from his poems, is ready to make certain concessions in the moral sphere.

Recognition of the common origin of good and evil impulses leads to certain interesting consequences. Most important of these is that sublimation appears as an easily achievable and highly desirable form of spiritual therapeutics. Since Good and

Evil are, after all, born of the same womb, and since the character of the impulse is determined mostly after its genesis, why not convert the evil impulse to a good impulse? Much has been written on this topic, and the element of sublimation seems to have reached the pinnacle of its prominence in the Hassidic school (see Buber's "Hassidism"). The source of the Hassidic advocacy of sublimation is evidently the Kabbalah which had much to say about diving head-first into the "kelippot" or "shells of Evil," and converting its energies to Good. The idea of course can be dangerous, since many people would enjoy the chance of tackling Evil so directly with the ostensible purpose of making a saint out of a devil. The corruption of the original idea and the extension of it to its ridiculous and dangerous extremes has occurred in the movement of the Messianic pretender, Sabbatai Zvi, and particularly of another Messianic pretender, who unlike Sabbatai Zvi was not a psycopath but a shrewd and unscrupulous charlatan, Jacob Frank.

The comparison of attitudes towards the ethical qualities of Impulse has already been made; some additional remarks should be made on Impulse per se. Love of G—d seems the first example of what we call Impulse. Unfortunately this topic is much too great to be treated thoroughly in this article. Yet a few lines must be written on it. The Halacha seems to have stripped it of its ecstatic element and attributed to it merely the aspect of positive action. Thus, all positive commandments were related to love of G—d, whereas the negative commandments were related to the fear of G—d. (See Nahmanides' Commentary on the Torah, Yithro.) The Kabbalah, however, raised Love of G—d to a most significant rank, equating it with "d'vakut," or communion with the Alm—ty. Of course this is an Impulse of the first order. There is much independent support for this thesis. (It should be mentioned here that while the Halacha may define Love of G—d for its own pragmatic purposes, it certainly does not exclude its more literal and intense meaning as developed by the Kabbalah.) The Prophets thought that the Love of G—d can be equated to the love of human lovers (again supporting our thesis that all Impulse is unitary in origin). Isaiah (chapter V) presents a dialogue between G—d and Israel in the form of a love song. Solomon's "Song of Songs" was declared by the rabbis to be a dialogue between G—d and Israel expressed as a love song, and R. Akiba goes so far as to say that the book is "Holy of Holies." Very interesting is the remark of Maimonides ("Mishne Torah," Hilchot T'shubah, chapter X): "And how should one properly love G—d?—it should be a great, overpowering, overwhelming love till his soul is all flooded with the love of G—d, and he should think of it constantly as one who is love-sick and whose mind is all enveloped with the love of that certain woman, and he thinks of her constantly, when sitting and standing, when eating and drinking . . ." The mystics saw visions in which the entire cosmos was aflame with this burning impulse, the Love of G—d. A considerable section of the Zohar is devoted to this theme, and later Kabbalists enlarged it even more.

But if we are to seek the presence of Impulse as a constant factor not only in theory but in practice as well, no quotations will serve the purpose. We must turn to history. Hassidism is that movement which practiced and nourished the development of the impulse to love G—d. The warmth and affection and strong love which burst forth from the Hassid's soul were both cause and effect of his particular temperament. Gloom is discarded and the impulse to be happy and to love is encouraged, if they are ethically justifiable. Hassidism went even further than just accepting the impulse which was channeled to a goal which was obviously ethical: it encouraged those impulses which were even mere potentialities of ethical accomplishment. Thus eating and drinking and even copulating were important parts of "avodat Ha'shem," service of G—d. In this manner Hassidism comes closer to the Browning idea of Impulse than does the Traditional idea which waits for the idea to be channeled and to prove its ethical or moral value.

Prophecy, too, can be regarded as a matter of Impulse. The vision came suddenly and without forethought. The Prophet was not anticipating the vision when it came. This can be proved by careful study of almost all of the Prophets. Particularly inter-

esting in this respect is the verse in Samuel I, 3, 1,: "In those days no vision was nifratz." The word "nifratz" comes from the root "p-r-tz-" which means breaking out or explosion. The Prophetic vision is, then, another and more sublime case of Impulse. This thesis must be elaborated on, of course.

Summarizing we see that neither Gnostic nor Neo-Platonic tendencies in Jewish thought can agree with Browning's concept of the Impulse and a mode of behavior based on it; that, in fact, the Traditional and particularly the Hassidic expressions of Judaism come closest to Browning's ideas.

Dark Span

Martling's elms stood bare and dark
Like fairy monsters groping.
The cloudless moon shone on their bark.
While twinkling stars broad heavens marked;
A gust of wind disturbed the dark—
A forlorn man stood hoping.

Hours long he paced the span
That bridged the waters flowing;
Above his head the moon now wan;
Upon his mind pale thoughts of man
Beneath his feet cold waters ran—
He felt the cold winds blowing.

Memory's darts oft draw the blood
Of heart that once was vaunting;
His mind shot arrows hewn of wood;
Dread recollection's aim was good—
In writhing pain a poor soul stood
Who found that he was wanting.

Standing o'er the wall so steep
He stared in darkness thinking;
He closed his eyes as if to weep—
The air was flurried by a leap;
A splash disturbed the murky deep—
A struggling body sinking.

Splashing waves with quickness wrote
An end to mortal suffering,
They dashed his body still afloat;
Their clammy hands soon clutched his throat.
He languid sank and left his coat
A shroud above him hovering.

That night the sky let fall a snow
For heaven too was crying;
The silvery winds her teardrops blow
And guide them to the waters low
To cover him, who with his woe,
Lost hope of ever trying.

Ira Albeck

Holiday

BY MURRAY STADTMAUER

*(The following story was the recipient of the Jerome Robbins Memorial Short Story Prize for 1950 which is awarded annually by the Class of '43.—*ED. NOTE.*)*

She was an old woman, and religious. She had not led a life of ease—sufferings in Europe and hardships in this country. She had raised a family—three sons—by the sweat of her face, only to have two of them die for the Kaiser. The old man was a reticent, soft-hearted individual, easily broken by misfortune. There was no doubt about it—it was the old woman's courageous heart that kept them going. The old man accepted fate too readily, and would have given up long ago were it not for her.

She looked down at her hands. They were even more creased than her face. Age had taken a heavy toll of her, and it showed on her frail body.

She sat silently and smiled to herself, for right now she was happy, very happy. And why not? Her David—the youngest, the only one she had left—was sitting at the table with her. And the old man was there, too.

David lived in Ohio now, removed from his parents somewhat—altogether too much so for the old lady. But he would come to visit them on the East Side for the Jewish holidays. He could not make it on all the holidays, but this was Rosh Hashanah, and he would always come for this one to wish his parents a happy new year. They sat there, the three of them—it was the holiday atomsphere, what the old woman always liked.

"Why don't you eat all your chicken, David?" asked the old woman at once.

She had not noticed that David was not eating well, she was so enveloped in her own happy feeling. Now that she studied him, though, she could see that he had a worried look.

"I guess I'm not very hungry, Ma," replied the son.

"Aren't you feeling well, David?" she persisted.

"Oh, I'm feeling well, I guess."

"You don't look well."

"I said I'm all right."

David seemed very annoyed by now, and his mother decided not to question him further at the moment. After all, she could not afford to antagonize him on one of his rare visits. It was not just a matter of argue today, make up tomorrow. If he would leave now, he might not come back. Certainly, his wife would not persuade him to return. She had taken their only boy away from them; she was a bad woman.

It was several minutes before anyone said anything. The old lady got up and put her hands on her son's shoulders.

"Is there anything wrong, David? Tell Mama."

She felt reasonably safe in using this approach. David would never shout at her when she would come up to him this way.

"I don't know," said David, his back to his mother.

"There is something wrong," said the old woman with definitiveness. "You can tell me, David. If you have any troubles—well, that's what parents are for, aren't they, David?"

David tightened his lips, closed his eyes, and nodded in a "yeah, yeah, we know" fashion.

"Is it . . . ? It is Gloria!"

"Yes, Ma. I guess that's it," replied David after a pause.

"That woman!" said the old lady scornfully.

"Please, Ma," snapped David. "I don't want to hear you talking like that again. I had enough of that."

"All right, David. All right. But you can tell me what's wrong, can't you?"

David shifted his head from side to side in a wobbly fashion as if to say it did not make any difference either way. His mother knew that there was friction between himself and Gloria. He may as well tell her.

"We argued just before I left this morning. She didn't want me to come here . . . "

"She never does," interrupted the old woman angrily. "Doesn't she have any human feelings? Doesn't she realize we're your parents?"

She glanced suddenly at her husband.

"Yankel, stop reading the paper, and listen to me. If you can't say anything, at least listen. You sit there like an outsider, as if this didn't concern you at all."

"I'm sorry, Mama," apologized the old man. "I was just reading an interesting article about . . . "

"Oh, stop it," said the old lady. "You get me sick."

"Please, Ma," intervened David. "I don't want you and Pa to get into an argument over me."

"We're not arguing," replied the woman in her preponderant manner. "Your father knows I'm right."

The old man shrugged. And if she wasn't, what could he do anyway?

"Gloria was a little right this time, Ma," resumed David. "I told her a couple of weeks ago that I'd go to New York for Rosh Hashanah, and she didn't object. But the baby took ill a few days ago—just a cold, you know—and when I started to pack last night, she got all excited. She screamed at me for leaving her with a sick baby. And she accused me of being a bad husband, and a cruel father. I might have listened to her if she hadn't yelled like that. But she got me angry. I told her the baby only had a slight cold, and that she knew it, but was deliberately trying to keep me from going. I told her that I was looking forward to this, and that I was going no matter what she said. When I left the house, she was crying. I didn't even say good-bye."

David lowered his head, and his mother could see that he was disgusted with himself. She tried to think of something cheerful to say.

"You were right, David," she finally remarked. "You were absolutely right."

"Right or not—what difference does it make?" retorted David angrily. "My home is at stake. It may be broken up. And you say, 'You were right, David. You were right.' "

"Don't be angry with me, David," pleaded his mother. "You know I mean you no harm. You know I only want the best for you, David."

"Just the same, I can't stay, Ma. I'm sorry. I'm going home first thing tomorrow morning."

"David, not on Rosh Hashanah!" implored his mother. "You always spend Rosh Hashanah with us. I can't control what you do away from us, but in my house you must observe the holiday."

"Oh, Rosh Hashanah, nonsense!" said David, spitting out the words. "My home is more important to me."

"For this I had to struggle all my life, David?" sobbed his mother. "Is this all the *nachas* I get from you, David? And you were always such a good boy."

"Oh, for God's sake," stormed David, getting up from his seat. "I don't have to come here to argue with you. I have enough at home. I have to argue with Gloria. With you, I don't. I'm leaving now. I have my car out front. I don't have to stand for this."

"Please, David, a little more respect for your mother," said the old man, rather timidly than forcefully. "You know how she tried hard for you all her life. She slaved . . . "

"Oh, enough of that, Pa. I don't want to hear any more."

David walked over to the foyer closet, and took out his coat. He took off the skullcap he was wearing, folded it neatly, and returned it to his father.

"All right, David. If that's what you want to do . . . all right. You know I was always very lenient with you. If I couldn't train you when you were a

little boy, it's certainly too late to start now. But don't you think you should say good-bye to your mother first, and wish her a happy new year?"

David glanced back into the kitchen, where his mother was sitting and sobbing convulsively. He shook his head.

"No, Pa. I can't do it. She's too hysterical. You better try to quiet her down. I'll call you up the day after tomorrow—in the evening, right after the holiday."

David walked to the door, his father following. They shook hands, and a tear rolled down the old man's cheek.

"Good-bye, David."

"So long, Pa. Remember, I'll call."

The door closed between them. The old man stood there for a moment, hesitating to enter the kitchen. He well knew the task he had before him.

"You let him go! You let him go!" shrieked his wife as he entered the room.

He opened his mouth to say something, but was unable to find the words. The old woman leaped up, and brushed past him. He followed her as she ran into the bedroom and fell on her bed.

"I couldn't stop him, Mama," began the old man in low tones. "He's not a little boy anymore. He's a man with a family. If that's what he decided was best for him and his family, we have no right to stop him . . . Are you listening to me, Mama?"

She was no longer crying, but continued to sob. "My David . . . my good little boy, David."

Just then a starting motor could be heard in the street below. It whirred once, twice, and then started going strong.

The mother raised her head to listen, and then threw herself back upon the bed as the car sped off.

"Why, oh why, did you let him go? On Rosh Hashanah yet. Tell me, Yankel, don't I have a good religious home? Don't I keep kosher and light candles? Didn't I raise David in such a home? Why do I deserve this now?" She started to weep once again.

"Mama, I've just been telling you—it's not your fault, it's not mine. We can't help it. He's a grown man. He does what he wants. What can we do? . . . We have no right to do anything, to stop him, to interfere with his private life. He must lead his own life."

"Yes, so you say. Yankel," answered his wife amid heavy sobs. "But what will the neighbors think?"

On His Ill Fortune

ABRAHAM IBN EZRA

The orbs and constellations from their posts
Swerved upon coming to my birth;
Were lamps my ware
The sun, in my lifetime, would ne'er set.

I take pains to succeed, but fail,
For my stars in heaven spoiled me;
Were I a dealer in shrouds
Men, in my lifetime, would ne'er die.

Translated by Ira Albeck

The Problem of Fiction Writing

BY SOL STEINMETZ

It is a well found and perhaps lamentable fact that the once known "art" of fiction writing has in our day been altered into the "science" of fiction writing. This nominal change, to be sure, is only a faint repercussion of the wider, and more fatal, mutation of values that has come about in our literary orb. The term science, despite its noble connotations, is from an aesthetic standpoint the bitter enemy of art. While science pursues formulae, proofs and facts, art persecutes them. The ideals of both are the same; truth and order. But science seeks them through the means of fact, and art through the means of beauty. It is, once again, the inevitable dam of means-and-ends that hinders the outflow of universal coordination.

The "young" and "modern" writers of today are the very samples of the "science" they, quite contagiously and I am certain unwillingly, have managed to create. Innocent products of narrow literary college trainings, vaguely acquainted with the pain and forbearance that true creativeness imports, these men soon discovered the formula—I use this word deliberately—of literary success. Fiction writing to them is a systematic transfusion of timeworn technical devices. The limitations of time, place and point-of-view, the more recent stream-of-consciousness scheme, and a number of other much-abused tricks, for tricks they are, are open to the access of any would be writer. There are even circulating among us magazines that specialize in teaching the methods of manufacturing vendible stories!

Naturally, there are the small few, the exceptions, who, due to their actual youth and nearness to us, have as yet not gone through the trial of time that reveals supremacy. I am referring to authors like Norman Mailer, and I regret that I cannot name any more of his caliber.

I think that it is safe to assume that the contemporary mind is not atrophied; that the mental acumen and creative spirit, and, mainly, the faculty of thought, of our generation, is not minimized at comparison with the writing masters of past decades. I also think that literature, for whatever sake it may be, endures and renovates, conquers, as it were, new grounds, new beauty, in spite of the dead-ends that progress seems to have reached. What, then, hinders the American literary genius? The answer is misguidance. Everything that education is supposed to encourage—creative thinking, scholarship, objectiveness—all that has been interred under a heavy pile of sophisticated knowledge and so-called progressive education. How and why this was done is not my purpose here to disclose. Much rather than that, as H. L. Mencken puts it in his evaluation of the critic's function, I am interested in acting as a catalyzer, as one who attempts to provoke a reaction between the artist and his art. The critic's object, like that of the artist, is only to point out, to suggest; the stimulus of a needle may cause rational responses, but not so of a blackjack on one's head.

Before entering into details about the various concepts connected with fiction writing, I must make clear that I am treating the term fiction in its broadest and most edifying sense: that of fiction being a true reproduction of life, devoid of artificiality, and, most important, shorn of all that is superfluous. The task of the artist is to show life in the light of his own, and all human, experience; and true experience is neither artificial nor superfluous. But a novel, for example, must by its very definition tell a story, and can every human experience be translated into a story? The answer, of course, is that it can. For experience begins and ends in the minds of individuals, and whatever tangible relationships or "story situations" may take place between two or more persons, they are but minute reflections of the multifarious experiences of the mind. Hence, the contemplation of a painting or the audition of a symphony may tease the mind into bringing about a momentary flux of ideas where past, present, and future situations mingle to form that emotional or intellectual state which is experience.

The aim of the artist, if he wishes to translate the experience, is to analyze the situation in such a manner that he should be able to select between the irrelevant and the vital, the commonplace and the dramatic, the artificial and the sound. In Maupassant's words, to bring "the essential events in full light and to give to all others the degree of relief suited to their importance." This is the true ordeal of the artist. If he is able to weigh and scan the experience to the advantage of a story that, without being a commentary of life, is a portrayal of it, he has mastered his art.

Throughout our scholastic career we have been consistently reminded that the best way of telling a story is to tell of "something you know." The question of autobiography is actually no question. Any story, if told honestly, without of necessity containing factual proof of its veracity, has to be in some degree autobiographical. Occurrences around us are much too influential to be consciously avoided. Here, again if the artist is honest, he has the opportunity to present the experience with a background of social, psychological, and even universal behavior.

This last statement can be misunderstood. Most people believe that the paramount purpose of the artist is to entertain, and the scatheless telling of a straightforward and unambitious story is entertainment, and therefore art. To a certain extent they are correct. None so much as the French 19th Century fiction writers, men like De Musset, Gautier, Balzac and Flaubert, to mention just a few, excelled in the art of the raconteur. And in England we had Dickens. Theirs was the straight plot, the simple theme. But —and here is where a distinction is drawn—these men never claimed to be didacticists or sociologists; yet they adhered to the principle of ars est celare artem. Their art, Dickens' art of varying the color and tone of life because that is what life meant to him, Balzac's art of showing life in its naked crudeness without discussing his revelations, are not mere entertainments. They are founded on a philosophy, an understanding, a program, of life. Theirs is true art under the mask of entertainment.

At this point we may mark another distinction between art and what I called previously "tricks." Art is creativeness, and as that, it denotes originality. An electrician who, by former training, is able to adjust some tubes and wires to form a radio set is unquestionably a good technician, but hardly original or creative in the strict sense of the word. Thus a fiction writer may strut over the road of technical invention that has with untold labor been paved by people like George Eliot, James, Conrad, and Joyce. But his fruits will amount to gross imitation. It is the endeavors, the pangs that even art cannot conceal, that perform the miracle of creation. Tricks of trade have not, nor can, attain greatness; to paraphrase Conrad, literature cannot aspire to the plasticity of sculpture if its clay has been disintegrated by overuse.

Up to now we have dealt with the treatment of subject matter. As to the form or style of fiction, two aspects, the syntactic and the qualitative, make up its characteristics. The former embraces the treatment of language, particularly that of words. In order not to delve too deeply into its unweighty, though manifold, implications, a quotation from C. E. Montague will suffice: "A sculptor alone in his studio will fondly stroke a lump of unworked marble or bronze; he can dote on its qualities. A writer will do much the same: his mind will finger single words and caress them, adoring the mellow fullness or granular hardness of their several sounds, the balance, undulation or trailing fall of their syllables, or the core of sunlike splendor in the broad, warm, central vowel of such a word as 'auroral.' Each word's evocative value, its individual power of touching springs in the mind and of initiating visions, becomes a treasure to revel in." There is *no* method of implanting the knowledge or appreciation of words. But a native awareness from part of the writer of the beauty and, at the same time, rigidity of the groundwork of language, will for a while compensate for a want of verbal scope.

The qualitative aspect of form, as the term indicates, sets up the question of quality in connection with one's style. In other words, whether the author's approach, in view of the substance of his experiences, should be witty or sarcastic, sentimental or dignified, and in a wider sense, objective or purely subjective. This is, obviously, wholly dependent on the temperament and disposition of the author. He may, if the

medium favors him, be dry and objective. This attitude is advantageous as far as realism is concerned, but the quality of empathy or feeling with the character created can be lost in the process. Sherwood Anderson seems to me the only American who, though thoroughly objective, somehow was able to share sympathies with his people.

The major factor that the writer should keep in mind, however, is that within each approach there may be an endless number of variations. Gradations of subjective treatment may alternate or combine with the objective, just as description may with dialogue. The objective characterizations of Thomas Mann, for example, blend in almost musical precision and harmony with his famed philosophic symbolisms. Literary approach to style, which, when sufficiently reduced, is not more than a way of expressing oneself, is as multiformed and prone to invention as life itself.

The last, but probably the most significant, problem of the artist, is the one concerning his qualifications. It is a popular American belief that writing is as easy as playing the harmonica. Witness, as a result, the legions of worthless handsomely-covered books that, like the troops emerging from the wooden horse, stream trendlessly from the American printing press. Writing, if it is to come under the category of literature, cannot be "easy." The composition one writes in college about an experience, though heaven knows it is not easy, is not literature. It is an attempt, a very enervating one, and quite inconsequential. If Dryden proclaims that the poet must have quickness of imagination, fertility in fancy, and accuracy in expression, he has only given a vague clue of what the novelist must have. The literary artist artlessly wonders sometimes of the connection between the quantity and the quality of our books. He believes, naively enough, that if we would have less but better artists, we would also have less but better books. And he is a hundred percent right.

Spring

I feel the pain of Spring's sharp thrust,
I feel the shame of Godless lust,
I crave for sin with beastly thirst,
Oh Love be damned, and Cupid cursed!

The cloudless skies and sunny days,
Torment me in a thousand ways:
The trees aspire in budded bloom,
To shade the light, and tempt my doom.

The fragrant path and verdant field,
Are Satan's gift to those who yield;
The cushioned grass, the bedded flow'rs,
Are Hell's death vaults adorned as bow'rs.

Martin Louis Applbaum

Yeshiva College Basketball

A Statistical Survey
compiled by
Israel Poleyeff, '49
(member varsity, 1946-49)
and
Hyman Wettstein
(Physical Education Dept., Yeshiva U.)

Varsity basketball had its inception at Yeshiva in 1938-39 and was led by player-coach Irving Koslowsky to a successful 10 and 6 season. Competition then was minor league, but through the years it grew stronger until the schedule included Fordham, Brooklyn and St. Francis as regular opponents. Other major teams such as L.I.U., St. John's, and Rhode Island State were met at different times during the thirteen year span since 1938. Most spectacular player for Yeshiva was Stanley Doppelt who during each of his four years led Yeshiva's team in scoring. It was under his captaincy in 1944-45 that Yeshiva had its most successful year, considering the calibre of its opposition, listing as one of its victims Fordham U. Doppelt was followed by another star performer, Marvin Fredman, who holds Yeshiva's career scoring record with 920 points. Arthur Stein was Yeshiva's next court star followed by Marvin Hershkowitz who will still be playing next year.

Combined Yearly Records:

			points			
	won	*lost*	*for*	*against*	*high scorer*	*pts.*
1938-39	10	6	578	463	Irving Koslovsky	140*
1939-40	11	8	604	668	Abraham Avrech	110*
1940-41	9	10	725	794	Samuel Rosenblum / Irving Jaret	141
1941-42	8	13	845	946	Stanley Doppelt	152
1942-43	10	5	589	595	Stanley Doppelt	155
1943-44	9	6	753	661	Stanley Doppelt	151
1944-45	12	8	1110	1018	Stanley Doppelt	220
1945-46	5	14	848	956	Marvin Fredman	244
1946-47	6	13	905	1014	Marvin Fredman	331
1947-48	3	8	546	629	Abraham Green	110*
1948-49	4	11	763	892	Arthur Stein	242
1949-50	8	9	1058	1042	Arthur Stein	290
1950-51	6	10	933	962	Marvin Hershkowitz	280
13 years	101	121	10,257	10,640		

Coaches: Irving Koslovsky, 1 year, 1938-39
Hyman Wettstein, 2 years, 1939-40 and 1940-41
Al Goldstein, 1 year, 1941-42
Bernard Sarachek, 7 years, 1942-43 and 1945-46 to 1950-51
Mike Pincus, 1 year, 1943-44
Nat Kraditor, 1 year, 1944-45

*indicates approximate figures

Individual Scoring Records:

most points, game: 33, Arthur Stein, vs. Cooper Union, 1949-50
most points against, game: 46, Julie Kasner, Brooklyn Col., 1940-41
most points, season: 331, Marvin Fredman, 1946-47
most field goals, season: 119, Marvin Hershkowitz, 1949-50
most fouls, season: 113, Marvin Fredman, 1946-47
highest average per game, season: 17.5, Marvin Hershkowitz, 1950-51
most points, career: 920, Marvin Fredman

Team Scoring Records:

most points, game: 92, vs. Cooper Union, 1949-50[1]
most points, season: 1110, in 1944-45
most field goals, season: 455, in 1944-45
most fouls, season: 233, in 1946-47
highest average per game: 62.2, in 1949-50
most points again, game: 130, Rhode Island State, 1944-45[2]
most points against, season: 1042, in 1949-50
highest average against per game: 61.3, in 1949-50
least points, game: 14, vs. Paterson, 1938-39
least points, season: 546, in 1947-48
lowest average per game: 31.8, in 1939-40
least points against, game: 11, Brooklyn College Evening, 1939-40
least points against, season: 463, in 1938-39
lowest average against per game: 28.8, in 1938-39
most wins, season: 12, in 1944-45
most losses, season: 14, in 1945-46
consecutive wins: 9, six at end 1938-39, three at start 1939-40
consecutive losses: 9, three at end 1946-47, six at start 1947-48

[1] 105 points were scored against the Alumni in the same year.
[2] Two national intercollegiate scoring records were set in this game, that of most points by one team in a game (130), and most points by two teams combined (204). Both records have since been broken.

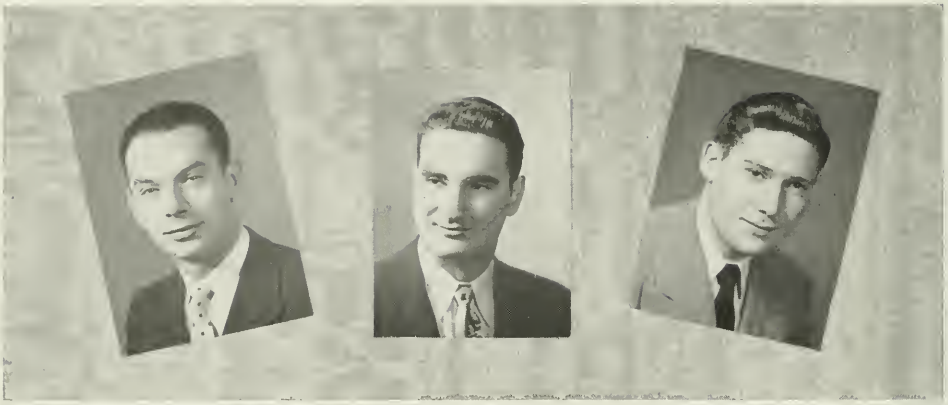
Records Against Major Opponents:*

	won	lost	points for	points against
Adelphi	1	1	122	134
Bloomfield	2	0	85	70
Brooklyn	0	7	286	431
Cathedral	7	9	892	893
Cooper Union	2	5	385	419
Drew	2	2	221	239
Fairleigh-Dickinson	1	2	168	182
Fordham	1	3	181	210
Hofstra	2	4	267	304
Iona	0	4	186	246
Long Island University	0	3	116	214
N. Y. S. Maritime	1	1	84	98
Pace	1	1	100	104
Panzer	0	7	347	454
Paterson	2	2	145	167
Pratt	2	1	193	141
Queens	4	6	445	494
Rhode Island State	0	1	74	130
St. Francis	0	1	59	82
St. John's University	0	1	36	61
Upsala	0	3	180	237
Wagner	0	1	40	61
Webb	3	1	138	116

* Scores of any game against ALL opponents can be secured from Israel Poleyeff.

acti

vities



ARTHUR SCHNEIER
Vice-President

AARON LANDES
President

GEORGE MARCUS
Sec'y-Treas.

Student Council

Before reviewing student events of the past year, I would like to digress and discuss a point that we should all consider. Once out of school, our alumni have tended to relegate Yeshiva to an obscure position in their conscious thoughts and substituted other interests in its stead. The good that Yeshiva did for the students is very often faded by the recollection of four years of strain and stress, when a bit of relaxation meant falling behind the demands of a double program. In addition, we all have some petty gripes against this or that member of the administration, or might, in ignorance of the facts, feel at times that the school has dealt with us unjustly. Still, looking at Yeshiva from a broader point of view, taking into consideration its hand-to-mouth existence and the many pressures plaguing those responsible for the institution's continued life and progress, we can well disregard our insignificant complaints. This does not mean that nothing needs correction or improvement. On the contrary, there is much to be done and we as alumni can and should make it our duty to call attention to and help clear up those points of friction.

Let us always keep in mind that Yeshiva depends upon us for its future existence and we, as orthodox Jews, depend upon it for ours.

* * *

The year began with a presidential edict from the previous year limiting student open affairs to a Dean's reception and the President's reception for the Senior Class. The Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, chaired by Dr. Lisman, was delegated to keep the students at peace despite the restrictive backdrop.

Our first negotiation with the committee concerned the student placement service, made weak (defunct is the word) by administrative incursions. A more or less equitable agreement was reached for all concerned.

Student Council now introduced the committee to student talent and ability to stage successful affairs. Bill Solomon and his cohorts in dramatics staged their second annual Fireside Fantasia which duly impressed students and committee members alike. A concession was made. We were to get two Dean's receptions. (That's a concession?) Council voted to participate in the first to silence all the skeptics and critics of student abilities with empirical proof. "Jacob's Dream" and Manny Forman leading his choral group were sufficient evidence.

Student Council then asked permission to present its annual "Music for Y.U." but was told it could have only another Dean's reception . . . in the Gym. We decided to cooperate, but with misgivings. A Dean's reception was preferable to no affair; especially since at this one the burden of entertainment would be borne by the faculty. (All right Mr. Spear?) So much for open affairs. (Oh yes, the Dramatics Society is secretly rehearsing "Home of the Brave.")

Student clubs started off with a fizz, built up to a whisper and returned to their inactive origins at the close of the year. Those societies heard from were Eranos, International Relations (Dr. Litman said that?), Cercle Francais, Deutscher Verein (Mein hut er hot drei ecken), Fireside Chats (Mond. who's next). Orchestra, Dramatics, Choral, Debating (we should'a won, de judge was unfair!), Chess, Math (B.Z.), Co-op and Commie (subversive literature). Masmid speaks for itself. The intra-University Student Council (Hu Ha for short) functioned for its second year. Under its guidance dormitory, placement and U.J.A. were taken care of.

Additions to school: 1) Two new clothes washing-drying machines (basic); 2) New Student Council bulletin board (zes).

AARON LANDES
Pres. S. C.

Seated l to r: R. Bierman, J. Weiss, M. Brener, R. Rozen. *Standing l to r:* D. Mostofsky, D. Hadas, I. Shapiro.

Seated l to r: H. Eichelberg, S. Jaffe, D. Scheinfeld, J. Heimowitz, N. Gordon. *Standing l to r:* S. Seigel, W. Wealcatch, S. Bahn, V. Solomon, Z. Charlop, M. Salman.

Economics Club

The Economics Society was founded a year ago with the specific aim to disseminate among Yeshiva students a knowledge of economics with especial emphasis on Israeli Economics. To achieve this end the group sponsored lectures by leading authorities and society members.

Among the prominent lecturers was Dr. Eduard Heiman, professor at the New School of Social Research, who spoke to a receptive audience on "Religion and Economics." Dr. Ludwig Mieses, recognized leader of the Austrian School, addressed an enthusiastic throng on the subject of "The Consumer and Free Trade." Dr. Robert Nathan attracted the largest crowd when he spoke on "Israeli Economics." Student lectures were given by President David Scheinfeld '51 on "Business Cycles" and Vice-President Harry Rashbaum '51 on "Keynesian Economics."

Through Dr. Alexander Brody, its faculty adviser. the society received from the Sissleman Foundation of Newark. New Jersey an award which will be given annually to the student submitting the best essay on any subject concerning Israeli Economics.

Other officers of the society were Stephen Jaffe '52, secretary; and Benjamin Migdal '51, treasurer.

At the beginning of the fall semester the following officers were elected to the Society. Norman Twersky, former Vice-president, was chosen President, Aaron Weitz Vice-president, and Stanley Seigel Secretary.

This was really a banner year for the Society. Several trips were made to various colleges during the course of the season, beginning with a visit to the University of Montreal the weekend of December 28-30. The final sojourn, to Beaver College in Jenkinstown, Pa., is scheduled to take place early in April.

The Society was fortunate in having several interesting speakers address the members. Dr. A. Margalith delivered an inspiring lecture on "The Positive Approach to the World Situation." Dr. A. Litman attracted a large crowd to his address on "Prophets and Profits." Dr. E. Rackman, as the third in the series of guest lecturers, spoke on the "Israeli Constitution." As a special feature. the Society plans to conclude the season with Norman Thomas, the prominent Socialist candidate for President of the United States, speaking sometime in May.

Thanks are due to Dr. A. Margalith, advisor to the I.R.S. and professor of Political Science at the college.

International Relations Society

Seated l to r: H. Eichelberg, A. Weitz, Professor Margalith, N. Twersky, M. Ganz. *Standing l to r:* J. Mandelbaum, M. Salman, S. Jaffe, N. Gordon, N. Lamm.

This year the Deutscher Verein completed one of its most successful seasons since its introduction as a student function at Y.U. Under the sponsorship of the Verein, a series of lectures was presented that was not only of interest to the German Department but to the entire student body. Dr. Nathan Susskind, of N.Y.U., delivered a very informative talk on "How Judaeo-German Became Yiddish"; Prof. Bruno Kisch spoke before a large crowd on "Goethe as a Scientist"; and Dr. Alexander Litman addressed an attentive gathering of the Verein on "The Dialectic of Dramatic Guilt."

With the capable guidance of Prof. Ralph Rosenberg, the Verein also sponsored six (hic) Bierfests. Pretzels, soda and candies were used as chasers. And at one affair, besides the usual "Mein——, er hat drei Ecken," Dr. Rosenberg thrilled the few sober students with a solo of "Guten Abend, gut Nacht, mit 'ROSENBERG' bedacht" accompanied by Aaron Rothman and his band (a five-piece drum). It was really "schon wie die Levone."

The officers for 1951 were Norman Lobel '51, Pres.; David Mermelstein '52, Vice-pres.; and Julius Kreitman '53, Sec'y.

Seated l to r: I. Lubin, J. Kreitman, A. Weitz, Professor Rosenberg, S. Jaffe, B. Lobel, M. Ganz. *Second Row l to r:* I. Shannon, A. Jacobowitz, J. Weiss, D. Hadas, D. Bonchik, M. Gordon, J. Holstein. *Third Row l to r:* R. Gross, K. Bender, J. Krumbien, S. Agress, S. Tannin, P. Finkelstein, N. Gordon.

Deutscher Verein

The officers of the Cercle for the school year were Joseph Erushalmy, President: Gil Rosenthal, Vice-president; and Jack Adelman, Secretary. Under the leadership of its officers and the overall supervision of Prof. Sidney Braun, the club inaugurated a program of varied cultural activities.

As part of its commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the death of the French novelist Honore de Balzac, the Cercle presented the distinguished French scholar Prof. Jean Albert Bédé of Columbia University who lectured on "Balzac in America: Monster or Hero?"

In order to foster the use of the French vernacular among its members, the club initiated a conversational group, which met once a week, and also held several showings of French films. This year also saw the preparation of the 10th anniversary issue of "Le Flambeau," the annual French publication, under the editorship of Jules Ehrman.

The guest lecturers this year included: Prof. Konrad Bieber of Yale on "Les Armes Invisibles" dealing with the French Resistance movement and its literature; Prof. William Milwitzky on "Judaeo-Provençal and Judaeo-French"; Prof. Jacques Giucharnaud of Yale; and Dr. Walter Nallin of the Y.U. Fine Arts Dept. on "French Music of the 17th-19th Centuries."

Le Cercle Français wishes to express its thanks to Prof. Braun for his invaluable aid and inspiration to the club.

Le Cercle Francais

Seated l to r: S. Dayon, M. Goldzweig, G. Rosenthal, J. Erushalmi, J. Ehrman, E. Jakubuwitz, H. Gottesman, J. Adelman. *Standing l to r:* O. Schonthal, H. Dobrinsky, M. Heller, N. Dashell, S. Birnbaum.

Eranos, the classical society of Yeshiva College, ranged far and wide this year and came up with an interesting and diverse program. The fall semester featured a lecture-demonstration by Prof. Chernowitz on Modern Art and a talk by Philip Finkelstein, Pres. of Eranos, on "Classical Music."

Prof. Chernowitz, with the use of slides, showed the classical elements in modern painting, architecture and sculpture. Mr. Finkelstein defined the term "classical music" and found it to be used with four distinct meanings. Of these the most acceptable were "a particular musical epoch, namely the age of Mozart" and "a certain spirit of finality and order which characterizes the classical spirit."

During the spring term Eranos sponsored a lecture by Prof. Hadas of Columbia on "Religious Aspects of Greek Drama." With the cooperation of the entire language department and the philosophy classes the lecture was enjoyed by more than half of the student body. Other events in the spring included a comparison of Indo-European and Hebrew Semantology by Dr. Alexander Freed and a talk on "Development of Greek Religious Thought," given by Perry London.

Seated l to r: J. Lipshitz, S. Singer, P. Finkelstein, S. April, D. Newman. *Standing l to r:* R. Gross, W. Solomon.

Eranos

The Yeshiva College Math Club, otherwise known as Mu Alpha Theta, was founded early in 1948 by members of the class of '50 under the guidance of Dr. Jekuthiel Ginsburg, head of the Math Department. With the departure of half of last year's club for points west the prospects looked black. However under the presidency of Gustave Solomon '51 and the surviving members of the former nucleus, the Math Club again became the most active extra-curricular function in Yeshiva.

In addition to weekly presentations by the students themselves on topics in mathematics, the Cheshbonoim also invited guest lecturers from among the alumni. The lectures this year covered a wide variety of topics designed to give the students an insight into phases of mathematics not offered now in the college curriculum. The general topic of this school year was Modern Algebra with interspersed lecturing on topology, vector analysis, probability, cryptology, and cybernetics.

Mu Alpha Theta participated in many basic functions and sponsored four highly successful socials. This year witnessed the long-awaited publication of the Math Club Journal, edited by Wm. Frank, Seymour Haber, and Azriel Rosenfeld '50, and containing several articles by members of this year's club. The edition was graciously received and elicited letters of praise from numerous colleges.

Gus Solomon '51 was president during the fall term and was succeeded by Irwin Wenger '51. Aaron Lieberman '51 was Vice-president and Simon Hellerstein '52 was Secretary.

Math Club

Seated l to r: S. Tennenberg, M. Forman, A. Lieberman, Mr. Block, Professor Ginsburg, Dr. Lisman, G. Solomon, S. Levy, J. Hertzberg. *Second Row l to r:* B. Bramson, A. Greenberg, B. Ginsburg, B. Mond, G. Marcus, M. Mostofsky, N. Katz. *Third Row l to r:* W. Wealcatch, J. Krumbien, N. Mayerfeld, L. Cooper.

Seated l to r: M. Kranzler, S. Auster, Dr. M. Atlas, A. Mann, J. Adler. *Standing l to r:* A. Schneir, R. Starishevsky, A. Nissenbaum, J. Miller.

Biology Club

During this, the second year of its reorganization. the Biology Club continued with the work it had begun last year and expanded its field even further.

Over the summer, the depleted stock of hamsters was replenished and the colony built up to a body of one hundred animals. Work was continued on the project of artificial insemination. begun last year, and several attempts were actually carried out, but the odd hours demanded by this type of experiment soon forced it to be temporarily shelved. Attempts were made to culture ova *in vitro*, but the small size of the eggs (about the size of a pinpoint) made it difficult. Several other projects are now under consideration and a search is being made in the literature for information on these topics.

Besides expanding its animal stock to include rabbits as well as hamsters, the club branched out into another field: general interest lectures. The first of these was sponsored by the Biology Club and Pre-Medical Society at which Dr. Charles Friedgood spoke about his recent work on cancer and how it is affected by ACTH, the adrenocortical hormone. It was through the kindness of Dr. Friedgood that the rabbits were added to our colony.

Officers of the club were Simon Auster, president, Moses Kranzler, vice-president. and Aaron Mann, secretary.

Pre-Med Society

Seated l to r: A. Mann, M. Kranzler, A. Schnier, J. Adler, S. Bahn. *Standing l to r:* S. Miller, R. Starishevsky, S. Auster, B. Sohn.

As a result of the expansion of pre-medical facilities at Yeshiva the number of students joining the ranks of the society increased considerably. The primary function of the society was to acquaint students interested in the fields of medicine with the requirements of admission to the approved medical schools here in the U.S. and abroad. Suggestions were made as to what courses should be taken.

We had several guest speakers during the year including, among others, Dean Isaacs and Dr. Charles Friedgood. Dean Isaacs emphasized the problems facing a pre-med student and he gave some valuable information as to how these could be reduced. Dr. Charles Friedgood, head of Cancer Research at Maimonides Hospital, lectured on "Latest Developments in Cancer Research." He stressed the importance of chemical agents in the combat of cancer. The lecture was attended by a large number of non-pre-med students and it proved equally interesting to them.

The officers of the Pre-Med Society were: Arthur Schneier President. and Dave Rosenhan Secretary.

Attend Fordham Game

Good Luck On Finals

The Commentator

Official Undergraduate Newspaper of Yeshiva College

IE XXXII

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY

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Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:
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BUSINESS MANAGER

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In Student Affairs After Earlier Rejectio

Dean Becomes 'Isaacs' In Affair
Mixing Faculty, Damsels, Drinks

By Alex Hoffer

Frustrated Frosh: "I'd love to go! It'd be great! Why's it
reserved for the upper crust! Aren't we as good as the s
and juniors?"

Sour Grapes' Soph: "We'll be missing sooo much! Thes
standing will be just as terrif as last year's but this time they
even have eight fellows."

"Listen, Glanz, you'll wise up eventually! Let me tell you, i
Dean himself asked me to go,
I don't think I would. It wouldn't
be worth my while."

Having overheard this amu

have been aptly called
Jesse interpretation of "
guenia." The Yeshiva Unive

HILLEL DRYSPIEL
SPORTS EDITOR

LEON S. LEVY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DAVID MOGILNER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ALFRED SOLOMON
NEWS EDITOR

PYNCHAS BRENER
MANAGING EDITOR

The

Official Under

VOLUME XXXIII

Commentator

graduate Newspaper of Yeshiva College

HAPPY

GRADUATION

NEW YORK CITY, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1951 No. 6

Under the editorship of Leon S. Levy, the Commentator, official undergraduate newspaper of Yeshiva College, turned in another year of thorough news coverage at Yeshiva and weathered what was possibly the worst crisis in its history. In addition to the student news the newspaper followed all University affairs in close detail.

Shortly after school began in October Commentator found itself in a desperate manpower crisis. The limited staff available could not carry the full burden of work required for the continued publication of the paper. An appeal issued shortly thereafter to the student body and a reorganization of the existing staffs temporarily staved off the closing of the paper.

With the expansion of the University, Commentator gradually enlarged its field of coverage to include news of the various activities of the University. Articles were devoted to Talpioth, Scripta Mathematica, Horeb, Audio-visual Service Publications, Yeshiva University Day, Medical School Charter and countless other non-student activities. At the same time news of student activities was not neglected and, in most cases, given top priority.

The editorial column of the Commentator devoted itself almost exclusively this year to the expression of student gripes and the discussion of many controversial issues within and without the school. Such matters as, for example, registration, dormitory conditions, placement services, the Dean's Reception, and Intra-Yeshiva-Student Council were thoroughly dealt with in this column.

Among feature articles, which this year were extremely varied, were several in a humorous vein and various "Meet the Faculty" and "From the Faculty" writeups, including an evaluation of the works of G. B. Shaw and a review of Dr. David Fleisher's recently published book on Godwin by Dr. Irving Linn. Both book and drama reviews were frequently presented on the feature page, including Dr. Brody's review of "The Jewish Welfare Board Survey." The "Meet the Seniors" section presented writeups of every senior, and the "Letters to the Editor" column, reflecting student opinion, was used to good advantage by the student body.

Every member of the sports staff did yeoman's service this year by putting out an admirable sports page without a regular sports editor. The sports column regularly handled by the sports editor was this year written by various members of the staff. Full coverage was given to all branches of sports activity, with basketball as usual taking the limelight. The reorganization of the newspaper staff created the new position of associate editor, which was filled by David Mogilner, and in addition to the regular news, feature, and sports staff, an editorial staff was formed. The remaining positions of the governing board were handled by Pynchas Brener, managing editor, Alfred Solomon, news editor, and Isaac Moseson, business manager.

Seated l to r: I. Lubin, I. Witty, J. Krumbein, D. Rosenhan, S. Bahn, D. Miller, J. Mann. *Standing l to r:* M. Heller, N. Toporowsky, H. Gottesman, S. Rudoff, H. Shapiro, W. Wealcatch.

Debating Society

In a few years the Debating Society has grown from a group of tongue-happy individuals participating in local debates, to an organized body of varsity debaters who represent Yeshiva as far South as Baltimore and Washington, and as far North as Albany and Syracuse.

Three tours—to upper New York State, to the Washington area, and to the New England States—are sent out annually. The itinerary of these tours includes Johns Hopkins, Annapolis, West Point, Harvard, Syracuse U., Colgate, Tufts, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, Smith College, Howard University, and others.

In the metropolitan area Yeshiva debates all of the major teams: Columbia, N.Y.U., Brooklyn, etc.

This year Yeshiva has taken the initiative among N.Y.C. colleges in instituting the "Oregon" style debate. This more lively style of debating includes a cross-examination of each speaker by his opponent. City College of New York is following suit and supporting Yeshiva in its efforts to popularize this style of debating among the other local colleges and universities.

The success of Yeshiva Debating is largely due to the expert guidance of Dr. Fleisher, associate professor of English and adviser to the team.

This year's governing board includes five members: Nisson Shulman, President; Abraham Eckstein, Secretary; Stanley Siegel and Joseph Erushalmi, managers; Gilbert Rosenthal, coordinating secretary. Other members of the team besides the governing board are Joseph Schultz, Bob Rothman, Perry London, David Rosenhan, Aaron Landes, Bob Rosen, Irwin Shapiro, Jack Schechter, Jack Adleman.

Seated l to r: I. Shapiro, N. Shulman, A. Landes, M. Brener. *Standing l to r:* J. Schecter, R. Rozen.

Chess Team

The 1950-51 Chessmen completed one of their most successful seasons in school history with victories over Manhattan, Temple, and Princeton in the National Inter-Collegiate Chess Tournament.

David Scheinfeld '51 and Barney Koenigsberg '51, veteran stars of the championship team of '48-'49, served as co-captains. Together with Dave Steinberg '51 and Bob Rozen '53 they composed a team which at full strength was unbeatable in seven collegiate matches. Yeshiva sorely missed the regular play of "End Game" Scheinfeld and "Master of the Ruy" Koenigsberg during a great part of the season, but Erwin Birnbaum '53 and Bob Millen '53 were most able substitutes.

"Giant Killer" Steinberg following in the footsteps of such ex-Yeshiva greats as present United States Chess Champion Samuel Reshevsky, and former collegiate king Harry Yanofsky '49, was placed on the National Intercollegiate All Tournament first team in recognition of his brilliant play in that tourney.

Seated l to r: B. Rosen, D. Schienfeld, B. Koenigsberg, A. Silver. *Standing l to r:* B. Mond, A. Teicher, S. Birnbaum.

Choral Group

During this past year, the Yeshiva University Choral Group under the capable direction of Emanuel Forman has taken great strides in achieving a prominent position among the extra-curricular activities of the school. Ever since its debut at the Fall Dean's Reception it has performed at numerous official school functions at the request of the administration. The group also responded to several invitations from outside organizations and were very well received by them.

The Choral Group has attempted to include in its repertoire a combination of liturgical music, Israeli folk songs and English classics. The group has amazed all audiences with its ability in singing with an almost professional style when in reality the boys have had little or no previous musical training. All their music is taught and sung by ear without the aid of any formal musical knowledge. With these facts in view, the phenomenal success of the group takes on even greater significance.

Seated l to r: J. Goldman, E. Jackobowitz, M. Green, E. Forman, D. Miller, S. Bahn, I. Kline. *Standing l to r:* D. Pasternak, Y. Naiman, J. Reiner, I. Witty, A. Rosenberg, H. Bernat.

ISADORE TENNENBERG MOSES KRANZLER ALFRED ROTH

Co-Managers

CO-OP

Seated l to r: S. Auster, M. Kranzler, G. Marcus, S. Jaffe. *Standing l to r:* S. Tennenberg, S. Bahn.

STORES

The policy of expansion, inaugurated by the Yeshiva College Cooperative Stores during the last year with the merger of its two stores, was continued this year. A drug counter, haberdashery, and a completely new line of jewelry, including all famous make watches and watch bands, added luster to the students' own enterprise, run under the supervision of the Student Council.

Another feature was the "Service to Israel" department which enabled students to export all types of goods and commodities directly to Israel. Television and radio sales played a major part in making this past year the most successful in the Co-op's short but illustrious history.

The book store for the first time was able to expand its excellent discount to all types of "seforim." A great selection of pocket books made this division of the Co-op a favorite haunt for students between periods. Both the graduate school and Psychology Clinic were able to make purchases directly through Simon Auster, the Co-op representative to these two departments.

The concert bureau continued its policy of supplying tickets to various Broadway shows, radio and television programs, and concerts without any extra charge, to students of all departments of Yeshiva University.

The running of the diversified enterprises was headed by Al Roth, Moishe Kranzler and Isadore Tennenberg for the first semester. Mr. Roth's graduation in January left the running of the stores in the capable hands of the latter two.

The members of the staff were: Heshy Goodman, Calvin Soled, Chenina Kleinman, Morris Stadtmauer, Sidney Tennenberg, Heshy Shidlovsky, David Mostofsky, Bob Rothman, Gil Rosenthal, Simon Auster, Saul Bahn, Harry Goder, Steve Jaffe, Ruben Starishevsky.

Seated l to r: J. Heimowitz, R. Gross, M. Kula. *Standing l to r:* S. April, J. Naimer.

Cheering Squad

After a lapse of a few years the Yeshiva College Cheering Squad has again come into existence. This year marked the second year since its reorganization.

With their spotless white pants and their blue and white emblems the members of the squad have added color and enthusiasm to the basketball games of Yeshiva. A Hebrew cheer as well as other new cheers were introduced, and the squad's repertoire and formations were steadily increased and expanded. Lower classmen were encouraged to join the squad in order to insure its continuation. Mimeographed sheets containing the various cheers were distributed among the audience at all home games.

The squad, led by its co-captains Joe Heimowitz '51 and Reuben Gross '51, also included Milton Kula, Joseph Naimer, and Sambo April.

Physical Education Department

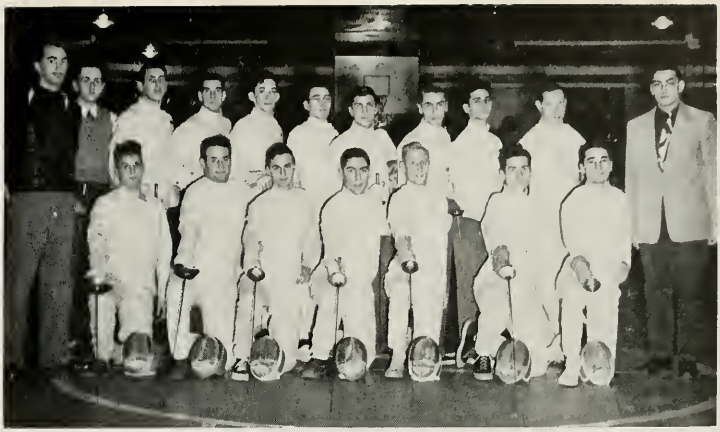
The Yeshiva University Physical Education Department offers a well-rounded variety of courses. The aim of these courses is not only to equip students to be better able to meet the demands of the society or community in which they shall live, but also that they may be better prepared as leaders in their community to make definite contributions to the life of that community.

The Physical Education Department is distinctive as being one of the few University Departments able to offer a corrective course. Students who for various reasons cannot share or participate in a normal Physical Education program are not disregarded but are registered in this course with the permission or request of the Medical Director. These students are given a carefully developed program of graded activity commensurate with their disability. The student is carefully observed and supervised at all times during his exercise period. A special check on all severe cases is made with the Medical Director.

Rounding out the Physical Education program, and an instrinsic part of it, is our Intramural Program. The aim of this program is to provide activities for all and everyone during their leisure time. Special emphasis is given to activities that can be carried on after graduation from college.

Some of the other courses included are Fencing (classes and teams), Swimming (Senior Life Saving, Instructors' license), First Aid (Standard and Advanced), and Recreational Leadership, a course which prepares students for club, camp and synagogue center activity.

Seated l to r: Arthur D. Tauber, *Fencing Coach;* Professor Abraham Hurwitz, *Director of Physical Education;* Hyman S. Wettstein, Athletic Director. *Standing l to r:* R. P. Jacobs, *Weight Lifting Instructor;* B. Ginsburg, *First Aid Instructor.*



Kneeling l to r: N. Toporovsky, M. Epstein, W. Millen, M. Rock, S. Feder, N. Shulman, W. Helmreich, *Captain. Standing l to r:* A. Tauber, *Coach;* O. Schontal, F. Klein, J. Reiner, H. Panitch, A. Wales, M. Korn, I. Klein, S. April, S. Seigel, R. Hammer, *Mgr.*

Fencing Team

Last year, 1949-50, Prof. Abraham Hurwitz announced the opening season of intercollegiate competition for the Yeshiva University team. The inexperienced duellers successfully defeated Hunter College Veterans and Cooper Union 19-8 and 14-13, respectively, thus ending the season undefeated.

Completing its second year 1950-51 in varsity competition the team's record was as follows:

1. Y.U.	8	Brooklyn College	19
2. Y.U.	16	Cooper Union	11
3. Y.U.	16	Fordham U.	11
4. Y.U.	27	Farleigh Dickinson	0
5. Y.U.	13	N. Y. State Teachers	14
6. Y.U.	14	St. Peters College	13
Won	4	Lost	2

The three weapon fencing team was captained by Wolf Helmreich, an outstanding and victorious foilsman, who led the team to victory. Wolf is the only graduating member of the squad. The members of the varsity include: Foil—N. Shulman '52. W. Millen '53; Epee—D. Mostofsky '53. S. Feder '53. M. Rock '52; Saber—N. Toporovsky '53, M. Epstein '51, E. Tokayer '53. Robert Hammer '53 was varsity manager and he was assisted by D. Levey '53.

The fencing team has been coached by Arthur D. Tauber, member of the Health and Phys. Ed. Dept. Mr. Tauber was undefeated National Intercollegiate Fencing Champion four consecutive years, member of the All-American team. and a member of the Olympic Squad.

ARTHUR TAUBER
Coach

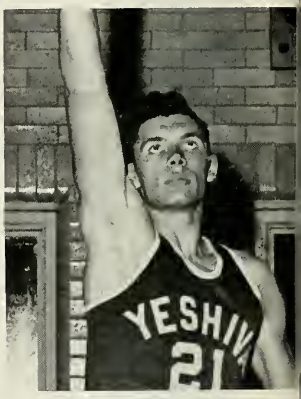
BASKET

BERNARD "RED" SARACHEK
Coach

The not so mighty Mites suffered thru one of the poorest seasons of past campaigns. Finishing with a mediocre 6 won and 10 lost record the Heighters were generally unimpressive. Most disheartening was the fact that Coach Bernie (Red) Sarachek was expected to field a fine, winning club but was unable to do so. This most certainly was not his fault. Even before the first practice of the year serious handicaps were inflicted upon the casaba-men of Y. U. The most influential of these were Hartman's decision not to return and the inability of Mayer to reenter.

Although the season was a poor and frustrating one, it was at times also a most enjoyable one. Yeshiva rooters have a legitimate complaint when they say that they do not relish seeing their team

Y.U.	
86-Alumni	28
59-St. Francis	82
47-Brooklyn College	64
50-Pace College	48
61-Panzer (overtime)	64
63-Upsala	77
67-Cathedral	59
62-Adelphi	77
54-Bloomfield Teachers College	49
46-Fordham University	64
67-Farleigh-Dickinson	68
56-Cooper Union	62
50-Patterson Teacher's College	59
47-N. Y. State Maritime College	41
60-Panzer	65
57-Cathedral	55
932-TOTALS	962



ARTHUR STEIN
Captain

STEVE KATZ
Athletic Mgr.

BALL

lose, but they truly cannot say that the many thrills witnessed at the ribbed court will not linger in memory long after the defeats are forgotten. Who can forget that spurt exhibited by the Mites when, trailing by 20 points and five minutes left to play at Farleigh-Dickinson, the spread was narrowed to one point as time ran out while Artie Stein attempted that last futile tap. Or at Fordham where the score stood 17 to 0 before the first Yeshiva point and the Mites went on from there to outplay the strong Fordham Ram. A win over Cathedral is always appreciated by any YU fan

Averaging close to 20 points per contest, this strong boy from the Bronx has been able to score almost at will. Often he was guarded by three opposing players but he never failed to give his all. Artie and Marv were the big guns; around them the team was molded.

Ruben Davidman was another whose value to the team cannot be underestimated. Averaging 10 points per game Rube was outstanding as he repeatedly recovered the ball from the backboards after failing shots. Nate Krieger, another stalwart, was most noticeable with his new setshot and fine

Standing l to r: Bernie "Red" Saracheck, Coach; C. Edelstein, Ass't. Coach; H. Dryspiel, M. Narrowe, L. Staiman, N. Krieger, A. Stein, H. Kramer, R. Davidman, M. Hershkowitz, E. Levine, I. Forman, S. Katz, Athletic Mgr. *Crouching:* E. Jakubuwitz, Mgr.

and these were not lacking.

For three long years Yeshiva had more or less a one-man team, big six foot six Arthur Stein. Artie was still around this year dropping points thru the hoop at an appreciable rate but he has been eclipsed by one of the best ever to put on the blue and white, husky six foot one Marvin Hershkowitz. Marv was an All-City star at DeWitt Clinton High School and a star on the CCNY Freshman team before transferring to Yeshiva. He was always expected to become the star of the team but he has outdone even the fondest hopes.

defensive work. The fifth starting position was usually occupied by neophite Elihu Levine. The kid is still a bit inexperienced but much is to be expected in the future. Hillel Dryspiel, a senior, finally reached his peak toward the end of the season and was one of the sparkplugs of the club. Another standout Freshman was Morton Narrow who scored over 60 points in his first season. He is and will be one of the most spirited dribblers. Larry Staiman and Abraham Kramer, two freshmen, rounded out the squad. Larry was especially impressive with rebounding work.

THE YESHIVA COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

EXTENDS ITS HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE

20th Graduating Class

OF

Yeshiva College

Elihu Kasten, President

Louis Bernstein, Vice President
Irving Weisel, Recording Secretary
A. Irving Schnipper, Corr. Sec'y
Joshua Matz, Treasurer

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